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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

NEW·SERIES·OF THE CHRISTIAN·UNION

Prof. E. Allen 1896 Drury College Grounds

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Johannes Brahms

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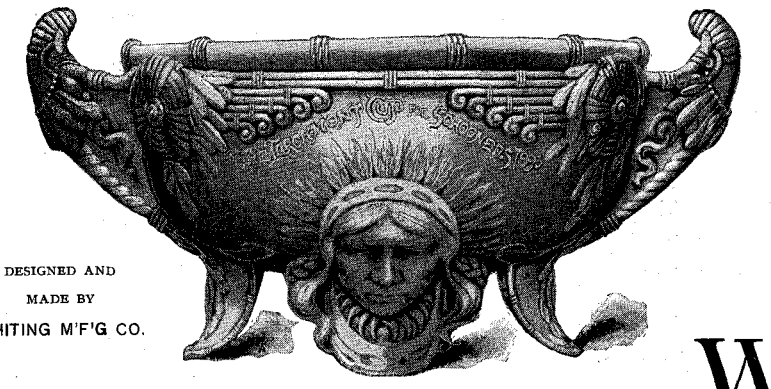

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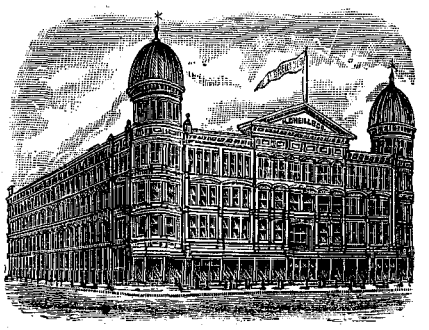

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 50 For Week ending 1 September, 1894 Number 9

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND decides that he can neither sign the bill which compromised the principles of tariff reform nor veto so large a reduction of the tariff burdens resting upon the people. Such, in brief, is the position he explains at some length and with much emphasis in the letter to Representative Catchings, of Mississippi, written on Monday of this week, the last of the ten days in which he might have killed the bill by his veto. He believes, he says, that the Democratic party is the one great body having the power and the desire to carry through the work of tariff reform, and he is unwilling by his veto to destroy the result of its work, however unsatisfactory to himself and, he believes, to the mass of his party. Like the mass of his party, he accepts this result as a partial fulfillment of pledges and "a vantage-ground from which must be waged further aggressive operations against protected monopoly and governmental favoritism." Very clearly he brings out the fact that in his censure of the Senate Bill he did not censure the overwhelming majority of the Democratic Congressmen, who had tried to fulfill their party pledges on the question, but the minority who "wore the livery of tariff reform in the service of Republican protection." "The trusts and combinations," he says, "whose machinations have prevented us from reaching the success we deserved, shall not be forgotten nor forgiven;" and the fight begun by the House of Representatives in its supplementary tariff bills must be carried on until the tariff legislation shall "more nearly meet Democratic hopes and aspirations." The letter concludes with a reiteration of the President's belief that free raw materials form the necessary groundwork for an enduring reform of the tariff. This outcome of the "educational campaign" of the Democratic party, whatever may be its claims to political expediency, is clearly one that does not arouse enthusiasm or inspire courage among those who are opposed to the protective system. Earnest tariff reformers find the new law, even if it is a step in advance, to be a very limping step indeed.

❀

The Republicans of North and South Dakota have adopted resolutions in favor of the free coinage of silver, the Republicans of Delaware a resolution in favor of the restoration of silver to its full debt-paying basis, and the Democrats of California (in which State the Republicans declared for free coinage) merely repeat the demands of the last National platform and indorse President Cleveland. In Nebraska and Tennessee the Republicans are conservative, and merely repeat the demands of their last National platform. Nevertheless, the comparative conservatism of the Democrats on the currency question and the comparative radicalism of the Republicans seem to be growing more marked. This tendency may be explained by the immemorial conservatism of the party-in-power, as opposed to the immemorial radicalism of the party-out-of-power, or it may be explained by the fact that in the country at large the Republican party is dominant in the rural districts, where bimetallism is strong, while the Democratic party is dominant in the cities, where bimetallism is weak. Whatever the reason, however, there is little doubt about the tendency. It may be lessened, nevertheless, by the new attitude of the trades-unions in favor of the free coinage of silver. Last week Representative Hartmann submitted in Congress vigorous resolutions in favor of the free coinage of silver, signed by the chief officers of the following organizations: the Knights of Labor, the Federation of Labor, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, the United Mine-workers, the Farmers' Alliance, and the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association. These orders virtually comprehend the organized labor of the country. On the tariff issue the trades-unions have generally come to the support of the Democratic party. The threat of secession on the currency issue adds new complications to the already complicated political situation. This is a good time not to make prophecies.

❀

Unexpectedly, a unanimous preliminary report has been made by the House Committee on Naval Affairs upon the alleged frauds in the manufacture of armor-plate by the Carnegie Steel Company. This unanimous report not only sustains the charges, but declares that "no fine or mere money compensation is sufficient to atone for the wrongs." "If," says the report, "the criminality of a wrongful act is to be measured by the deliberation with which it is committed, the magnitude of the evils likely to result from its perpetration, and the want of provocation with which it is done, the frauds which your Committee have found are worthy to be called crimes." These are severe generalizations, but the specifications sustain the severity. The Committee finds that in some cases other specimens were substituted for those selected for testing by the Government inspectors, that in other cases the specimens selected were re-treated before being subjected to the test, that the testing-machine was manipulated by the order of the Superintendent of the armor-plate mill so as to increase the apparent strength of the specimens, that the Government inspectors' stamp was either stolen or duplicated and used without the knowledge of the inspectors, and that "over ninety-five per cent. of the records examined show that Superintendent Cline changed the reports to be made to the Government inspectors." One of the superintendents stated in his testimony that the re-treatment of the plates was made upon his own responsibility and without the knowledge of his employers, but admitted that the secret re-treatments were given after he had talked with Mr. Schwab, the Superintendent of the Company and one of its stockholders. To what extent the heads of the Company are responsible cannot be determined. The

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Committee points out the fact that the superintendents most guilty are still in the Company's service. Yet it hardly seems possible that the general managers can have done more than fail to supervise their unscrupulous but profitable subordinates. Wherever the responsibility is located, we agree with the Committee that the prosecution should be criminal and not merely civil. We can remember of no frauds commensurate with these since the shameful shoddy furnished by contractors to the British army in the Crimean War led Parliament to establish Government shops for the making of soldiers' clothing.

❀

A good deal of interesting testimony has been taken by the National Commissioners investigating the Pullman strike. The first week most of the testimony came from the participants in the strike. Several of the subordinate officers of the American Railway Union testified that the strike had not been ordered by the officers, but voted for by the Union, and that the Union had not only opposed resort to violence, but had successfully opposed it so far as its own members were concerned. The leaders of the strikers at Pullman testified to treatment incredibly bad. All the strikers said that the object of the strike was to cut off the revenues of the Pullman Company, as the only possible way of forcing it to accept arbitration. All of them believed that the public ownership of railroads was the only just and effective way of preventing recurring suspensions of traffic through strikes and lockouts. Professor Bemis, of Chicago University, was the only witness who had any other suggestion to offer. His plan was compulsory arbitration accompanied by the licensing of railway employees, in order that the decisions of the arbitrating tribunal might be final with both parties to the strike. If the railroad refused to submit, let its charter be forfeited; if an employee refused to submit, let his license be forfeited. This suggestion answers completely the contention of the opponents of compulsory arbitration that the law "cannot force a man to work." The law can refuse to license a man to work, and already does it in trades where the public interest in good work is less than in the case of railway employees. This plan of Professor Bemis was fully indorsed by President Debs, of the Railway Union, and partially by Mr. St. John, General Manager of the Rock Island Railroad. These two men, together with Professor Bemis and Mr. Pullman (whose testimony is commented upon elsewhere), were the most important witnesses.

❀

Mr. Debs stated that he not only did not order the strike, but that he could not have ordered it under the rules of the Union. The deliberations of the Union respecting the strike had been entirely public, and there was in no sense a conspiracy. The strike was suppressed, said Mr. Debs, not by the military but by the courts, which, by arresting everywhere the leaders of the unions, threw into confusion the rank and file, and so brought about defeat. General Manager St. John, of the Rock Island road, rebutted the testimony that the strikers had not participated in the violence. On this point he submitted a good deal of evidence furnished by the detectives of his company. When questioned as to the General Managers' Association, he denied that it was formed for the purpose of crushing labor organizations. The considering of strikes was, he says, "the smallest part of our business." Commissioner Kernan was not satisfied with this statement, and the following dialogue ensued:

Mr. Kernan—Is it not true that if a strike occurred on a line belonging to the Association, your organization would unite to defeat the strikers?

Mr. St. John—Yes, sir.

Mr. Kernan—Well, then, why did not the General Managers' Association recognize the right of the A. R. U. to organize men in a common cause when one part of the A. R. U. was being affected?

Mr. St. John—We did not believe these men who were destroying our property were worthy of recognition.

Apparently, then, the General Managers' Association stood for the solidarity of capital in the same way that the American Railway Union stood for the solidarity of labor. Organizations of this sort on either side inevitably develop corresponding organizations on the other, and the unfortunate division of society into two sharply defined classes is thus carried forward.

❀

The strike or lockout of the cotton operatives at Fall River and New Bedford, Massachusetts, is an extremely serious matter. At Fall River one of the great cotton-mills continues running with a full set of operatives who have submitted to a ten per cent. reduction, and at New Bedford three mills under a single management have not joined in the general "shut-down." But, aside from these, apparently all the cotton-factories of these two great cotton centers are now idle, and something like thirty thousand operatives are out of work. What adds to the seriousness of the situation at Fall River is that the members of the Manufacturers' Association have agreed not to reopen until the owners of three-fourths of the spindles represented shall so decide. At New Bedford the State Board of Arbitration gathered a good deal of evidence last week, but has been unable as yet to effect an agreement. One of the officers of the Spinners' Union testified that one reduction had followed another during the last two years until the total was now twenty-three per cent. The representative of the manufacturers said that this was an overstatement, and that the recent dividends of some of the mills were not paid out of earnings. The Springfield "Republican" gives the official figures of the State Labor Bureau respecting the scale of wages in 1889. These were, by groups, as follows:

	Males.	Females.
Under $6 a week	9,000	19,000
Over $6 but under $12 a week	11,000	7,000
Over $12 a week	1,600	50

The "Republican" very sensibly observes that, after the ten per cent. reduction recently made, "these do not seem to be wage-rates that can stand much cutting now."

❀

The charges against Professor Ely, which began as a scandal, ended as a farce. At the second sitting of the committee of the Wisconsin Board of Regents to investigate the matter, State Superintendent Wells declined to be present to substantiate his charges. He excused his absence on the ground that the committee had unfairly limited its investigation to Professor Ely's writings, teachings, and doings since his call to the State University, and had demonstrated its bias in favor of Professor Ely at the first sitting. Inasmuch as the charges which led to the investigation had related to Professor Ely's conduct while at the State University, the excuse was hardly satisfactory. Possibly Superintendent Wells felt as much, for he submitted to the committee a long criticism of Professor Ely's latest work, "Socialism and Social Reform." Unable to cite any passages indorsing Socialism—to say nothing of Anarchism—Superintendent Wells falls back upon such declarations as the following:

"The remedy that Socialism offers for every ill that society is heir to is stated with almost endless iteration, often with such commendations as 'This is a very strong argument,' or 'This would be an effective remedy if Socialism will work.' Nowhere is the student told that the reason that Socialism cannot work is grounded in the nature of men—nowhere does he show that the condition of society that

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would render government by Socialists possible would be a condition in which government would be needless, or its form indifferent."

In other words, Professor Ely is denounced as a Socialist because he does not suppress the arguments of the Socialists nor utter the platitudes of the State Superintendent. That such charges should be brought by one State officer against another calls for an investigation quite other than that just concluded. Still more is it called for when we remember the scandalous character of the original charges published in the "Nation." For example, the following: "In conversation with one of the proprietors, he [Professor Ely] said that where a skillful workman was needed, a dirty, dissipated, unmarried, unreliable, and unskillful tramp of a union man should be employed in preference to an industrious, skillful, trustworthy non-union man who is the head of a family." It is perhaps needless to say that other professors of Wisconsin University corroborated Professor Ely's detailed denial of all the charges preferred. More important were some of the letters received by the committee from leading economists. Commissioner Wright, of the National Labor Bureau, wrote: "I believe the onslaught on Ely not only absurd but malicious." President Andrews, of Brown, wrote:

"I deem it wholly unjust to call Ely's teachings Socialistic in any sense in which the designation could constitute a stigma, although no doubt he believes, as all economists and sociologists do, in the enlargement of the State's powers at some points. Should Ely be displaced or even censured for his teachings, every intelligent Anarchist of this country or England would rejoice, for they know that the prevalence of views like his means the death of their cause."

It cannot be repeated too often that Anarchism is strong only where the abuses of capitalism are not attacked by teachers of the upper classes. The strength of Anarchism lies entirely in these abuses, and those who decry attempts to reform them are its most effective allies. Professor Ely has done more than any other one man in the country to convince the working classes that their claims of justice are not denied a hearing at the bar of public opinion.

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The profound agitation needed in New Jersey to secure the repeal of the shameless race-track laws seems to have borne fruit in a strong demand for direct legislation. A bill giving the mass of the citizens a right to pass upon any measure for whose submission five per cent. of the voters have petitioned was defeated in the Assembly by a majority of only three—the vote standing 28 to 31. A similar bill was subsequently introduced in the Senate, and last week an important meeting in support of this measure was held at Asbury Park. Mr. W. D. McCracken, whose volume on Switzerland has so materially aided the popularization of the referendum in this country, made the opening address. After speaking of the success of direct legislation in Switzerland, and the growth of the movement in this country wherever the people have found that their servants support private interests, Mr. McCracken very sensibly defined the limits of its efficiency in the following words: "We do not propose a cure for all the social problems. Economic and social evils lie deeper than political ones. We are merely paving the way for fundamental reforms. We are making a peaceful solution possible." Representative McEwen, the Republican leader in the Assembly, dwelt at length upon the help the referendum would give in defeating corrupt legislation. Senator Adrian, the Democratic leader in the Senate, urged direct legislation as the logical outcome of the principle embodied in the present Constitution of New Jersey in the clause: "Government is instituted for the protection and benefit of the people, and they have the right at all times to alter and reform the same whenever the public good may require." The same measure came before the New York Constitutional Convention three days later, and was unceremoniously defeated by a vote of 83 to 30, one antagonist annihilating the reform by saying that we had imported our ballot laws from Australia, our civil service laws from China, and that his constituents were too tired of importations to accept this exotic from Switzerland. And yet New York claims to be far more progressive than New Jersey!

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The Forestry Committee of the Constitutional Convention now in session at Albany has been engaged in labors of moment not only to New York, but also to every other State. An amendment is under consideration forbidding the sale of the State's Adirondack lands or timber from them. Furthermore, it is proposed that all of the Catskill and Adirondack sections be set apart to be always maintained as a forest preserve. The Governor would appoint a superintendent and assistants, who in turn would be authorized, under strict conditions of forest preservation, to lease tracts not exceeding five acres and for periods not longer than five years. Indiscriminate destruction of the forests has made this question a pressing one. In the coming century it is conceded that the Hudson River towns, including New York City, will have to depend for their water-supply on the Adirondack region, the present conserver of the State's river and canal system. How can that supply be had when droughts and freshets are increasing as a result of forest denudation? In the entire country the forest area has been diminished to less than 450,000,000 acres, or about twenty-six per cent. of the total area. Every year 25,000,000 acres are cleared of timber, the amount felled being double the increment of the woodland crops. We are thus cutting into our capital—an always reprehensible course. Omitting the damage done by forest fires, our wealth is being consumed twice as fast as it is being reproduced. Indeed, the Secretary of Agriculture says that the annual product requires the cutting of 1,600,000 acres every year of white-pine supplies alone. Now, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, the three white-pine States, have a total forest area of 60,000,000 acres. If two-thirds is allowed to be in the white-pine belt, twenty-five years would suffice to exhaust the supply. Should present conditions continue—and it is not in the nature of things that consumption will diminish—we may expect a timber-famine not many decades hence; this, of course, followed by a water-famine. Why not avoid such a prospect by instituting a system of State forest preserves and providing for their intelligent care? In addition to protecting every economic interest, a new industry would have sprung into being offering new opportunities for labor. Nearly two hundred thousand families in Germany find employment in this way, and receive millions in wages, the land owned by the State being one-third of all forests. Let us take a hint from the Fatherland, both in the system of preserves and in aiding schools and universities to disseminate instruction concerning, not only arboriculture, but, what is of even greater importance, sylviculture.

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The Society for Education Extension of Hartford, Conn., has determined to establish a professional school of Sociology, and has already completed its organization. In the attractive announcement, containing reasons for its establishment, the curriculum, and a calendar, which has been issued by the school, considerable reference is made to Mr. Benjamin Kidd's book, "Social Evolution." "This entire book," says President Hartranft, of the Hartford School of Sociology, "is a powerful incidental appeal for

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just such an institution." Mr. Kidd's striking review, in this issue of The Outlook, of the social problems which confront the people of the United States is a still stronger appeal for the scientific study of social problems. An opportunity and place for such study is what the new Hartford school proposes to supply. The curriculum is to cover three years, and the degree of Bachelor of Sociology will be conferred on the successful completion of the three years' course. The school is open to men and women alike, and, while any one may take the prescribed lectures and work of the school on the payment of the tuition fees, a college diploma or its equivalent will be required from all who desire to matriculate as regular students for a degree. This makes it in effect a post-graduate school. Already lectures and seminaria for the first year have been arranged for, on the following subjects among others: "The Philosophy of Sociology," by Professor John Bascom, LL.D., of Williams College; "Encyclopædia and Methodology of Sociology," by Chester D. Hartranft, D.D., President of the School; "The Family Legally Considered," by Austin Abbott, LL.D., Dean of the New York University Law School; "Ethnology," by Professor Otis I. Mason, Ph.D., Curator of the Ethnological Department in the National Museum; "The Nation," by Professor William M. Sloane, LL.D., Princeton College; "Effect of Environment on the Social Structure," by Professor William Libbey, Jr., Ph.D., D.Sc., Princeton College; "Food, Historically and Scientifically Considered," by Professor William O. Atwater, Ph.D., Wesleyan. The work of the second year will cover the Spiritual, Competitive, Relational, and Recuperative Forces of Society; and the third year will be devoted to the Deteriorative and Remedial Forces—that is, to Sociology proper. The prospectus and outline of all this work, which is given in interesting detail, is worth the attention of all who do pay, or who mean to pay, heed to modern social problems. This prospectus may be had by addressing Chester D. Hartranft, D.D., the President, or Mr. Alan C. Reiley, the Registrar of the school, at 625 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn. So far as we can judge, the school is well planned, and we shall watch its course with interest.

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The news that Mr. Wylie, a Scotch Presbyterian missionary, had been murdered by Chinese soldiers at Newchang is confirmed. Later advices assert that the attack on him was entirely unprovoked, and that he was clubbed and stabbed to death in the public street. In spite of the demand that those concerned in the crime be turned over to a civil magistrate, the officials refused for a week to surrender the guilty soldiers, and finally an Imperial edict was issued, ordering the decapitation of all of the officers responsible for the recent outrages on missionaries. France has promptly demanded indemnity from China for the murder of the missionary Jozean. The Presbyterian church at Shuklung, near Canton, has been demolished, and a native convert beaten to death. Malicious placards are everywhere seen, inciting the natives to burn the mission-houses and to kill all foreigners. Even in Japan, owing to the anti-foreign spirit aroused by the strict enforcement of the existing treaties, the missionaries depend upon passports issued by the Government, which grant certain privileges for health or for scientific research! Foreigners are not allowed to own property in the interior, and hence the property of missionary societies there stands perforce in the name of Japanese friends. A bill has now been introduced in Parliament by the anti-foreign agitators, providing for the confiscation of property so held. Much apprehension is justly felt concerning both merchants and missionaries; and our Government has now followed Minister Dun's recommendation by ordering the Concord and the Petrel from Behring Sea, and the Charleston from San Francisco, to the Yellow Sea. Our ships at present there are the Baltimore and the Monocacy, the latter an obsolete craft. To protect from attacks by natives, our legation at Seoul is guarded by marines landed from the Baltimore at Chemulpo. Of the recent engagement at Chungho (on the coast north of Chemulpo) little can be learned, and of the great battle at Pingyang (on the Tatong River, still further north) the dispatch from Shanghai puts the Japanese loss at 1,300 men, while the Yokohama advices are that this report was circulated by the Pekin Government to facilitate the floating of a war loan. We have now become quite accustomed to such pro-Chinese news from Chinese points and to equally pro-Japanese news from places across the Yellow Sea. According to the dispatch from Tokio, therefore, the British Court of Inquiry on the Kow Shing affair has removed all obloquy from Japan. Following the example of the Chinese in honeycombing the channel of the Peiho, the Japanese have now laid torpedoes in the harbors of Yokohama and Nagasaki, and have announced that foreign ships entering or leaving must be accompanied by Japanese pilots. But by far the most important and significant news from the islands is that the Japanese have subscribed a non-interest-bearing fund of 80,000,000 yen, or, according to others, of the much larger sum of about $80,000,000, for the prosecution of the war. As to any connection of European Powers, England has set a salutary example by seizing at Newcastle two vessels which were about to take part in the war. Since then a cruiser which recently left England has been detained at Aden. A lesson has been learned since British authorities connived at the Alabama's escape.

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Recent events in the Mosquito Reservation indicate that there is danger of troublesome international complications. The Nicaraguans, as we have before stated, have reasserted their authority in the region without opposition. They have now proceeded to make many arrests of persons accused of complicity with the counter-revolution of Chief Clarence. Among these persons are several Americans and Englishmen, including, it is reported, the British Consul. These prisoners, as we understand the facts, have been taken for trial to Managua (or will be taken there immediately), on the orders of the Nicaraguan Minister, Mr. Madriz. The position of the United States and British commanders of war-vessels at Bluefields is an embarrassing one. They had warned the citizens of their respective countries, before the revolt of Chief Clarence, that if they took part in hostilities they would have no right of appeal to the naval commanders for protection. This is in accordance with a well-established principle of international law. It might, therefore, seem impossible for the commanders to interfere with regard to the arrests recently made. Yet, if the action of the Nicaraguan authorities has been arbitrary and oppressive, and the arrests have been made without proper evidence, it is conceivable that the representatives of this country and of England may have a just cause for interference. To illustrate the situation, it is perfectly true that if during the Franco-German War Americans in Paris had acted as spies for Prussia, our Minister in Paris could not protect them against French law; but if the Americans in question were hastily accused of being spies without evidence and in the passion of the moment (as actually happened in some cases), our representatives would not be overstepping

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their authority in protecting their innocent countrymen. The situation is somewhat similar at Bluefields. It must be added that the sympathies of the foreign residents of Bluefields have been in favor of Chief Clarence solely because of the exactions and impositions they have feared from the establishment of a Nicaraguan Government. It is to be hoped that these sympathies have not carried them too far. A correspondent of the New York "Tribune" outlines the policy of our Government with regard to Nicaragua, as obtained, he declares, from official sources. It is that the United States will henceforth recognize Nicaragua as the only sovereign power in the Mosquito Reservation; that Nicaragua will be held responsible for all acts of omission or commission relating to Americans in the country; that this country will inform Nicaragua that the United States regards all grants and concessions now held by Americans in the Reservation as binding upon Nicaragua; and that efforts will be made to induce Nicaragua to guarantee that no excessive or unusual taxes will be levied, and that the freedom of religion now obtaining shall be sanctioned by Nicaraguan law. It seems certain that Great Britain and the United States are harmonious in refusing to interfere at all in the local quarrels, and that protection of the persons and property-rights of their own subjects will be their main contention.

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The news of the unexpected submission of the Kaffir chief Malaboch has been joyfully received throughout the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, the Dutch inhabitants of which, adepts as they are at border warfare, had been expecting, instead, the usual long and stubborn conflict. The pillage of the country, the murder of hundreds of Boer farmers and travelers, culminating in the siege of Agatha, will not soon be forgotten, nevertheless, and new measures of protection will be taken. The Kaffirs are the most warlike of all the native races of South Africa, even more so than the Zulus and the Matabele, with whom they are ethnically allied. Both mentally and morally, however, they are susceptible of greater growth in civilization than are these tribes, and are the principal laborers in the diamond-fields. It is only when they are crazed by the awakening of their dormant fierceness that they burn, outrage, and kill without mercy. For more than a century the Dutch and English have had occasional conflicts with them, as ugly as the hostilities with the Maoris in New Zealand. The Kaffirs are brown, not black; they average nearly six feet in height; they have an Arab-like slimness and deftness, and are very muscular. Their conquerors, the Boers, combine Dutch with Huguenot ancestry, and in 1880 they showed what such a grim combination means, when they met their neighbors, the English, in battle. Great Britain had been endeavoring to annex the South African Republic (the Transvaal). The Republic's legislative power is vested in the Volksraad, whose members are elected once in four years, the President of the Republic being elected once in five. President Kruger is now occupying office for his third term, and as he is exclusively known by the name "Oom Paul" (Uncle Paul), his popularity may be surmised. Though untutored and rugged, he has thus far known how to defend Boer interests against the subtlest British diplomacy. Premier Rhodes, of Cape Colony, realizes that the Transvaal and the Orange Free State are the two great obstacles against establishing the United States of South Africa. The lesson of 1880 has not been forgotten, and instead of warfare the English have been forced to use other methods of conquest. Accordingly, the facilities for inter-State communication have been so improved that one can travel by railway from Capetown to Johannesburg, nearly a thousand miles. Constant emphasis has been placed on the similarity of Boer and English interests in gold and diamond mining. Above all, the Dutch language has been admitted to use in the Cape Courts and Parliament. The result of all this has naturally been new legislation in favor of the English at Pretoria and Bloemfontein, the Dutch capitals. Thus where force has signally failed, tact may yet make of the Boers and English a homogeneous people.

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GENERAL NEWS.—Parliament was prorogued last Saturday by Queen Victoria for six weeks; the Queen's Speech, besides the usual general statement of the condition of affairs at home and abroad, touched upon the birth of an heir to the throne in the third generation, the matters in dispute between Great Britain and France, the action of Great Britain in concert with the United States to put into effect the award of the Behring Sea arbitration, and the failure of legislation on the Irish question.——General Antonia Ezeta and his fellow-refugees from Salvador have been arraigned in the United States District Court in San Francisco on the request of the Government of Salvador, and are held without bail for examination next week.——A Convention of Independent Polish Catholics was held in Cleveland last week, at which it is stated that fourteen churches, with a membership of seven thousand people, were represented; the movement is described as an effort to establish a Catholic Church which shall be independent of Rome, and the Church will favor education in the public schools; Bishop Vilatte, of Wisconsin, is at the head of the movement.——The Count of Paris is reported to be very seriously ill.——The Lexow Committee will resume its investigation into the corruption of the New York City Police Department on September 10.

Johannes Brahms

Schumann, who predicted greatness for Chopin, prophesied so long ago as 1853 that Brahms would be what his opponents have ironically dubbed him—a musical Messiah. Schumann's language seemed extravagant then, and still appears so to many. For Brahms's real position in the world of music is hardly better understood than Schumann's was at the time of his death; and it is little more than a decade since Schumann has been generally appreciated. There is an anecdote that at a *soirée* after one of Clara Schumann's concerts in Russia, the host turned to Robert with the question: "And are you also musical, Herr Schumann?"

In one respect, however, Brahms has been more fortunate than Schumann. While the public is slow to appreciate his worth, he has never lacked warm admirers among musicians. Joachim has been his bosom friend for many years, and Von Bülow called his first symphony the "Tenth." Conductors not infrequently place Brahms's symphonies upon their programmes. The rehearsals necessary to prepare these works for performance reveal their numerous beauties to the leaders and players, and they, knowing full well the value of these compositions, feel confident that public admiration will come in time. At present, however, Brahms is known to the public chiefly through his Hungarian Dances, popular tunes which he has handled with a brilliancy that has made them his own. For it is easy to recognize that no one but a composer who himself is a great creator could have given these melodies form and clothed them as Brahms has. He has reproduced the deep flare of the gypsy camp-fire, the incipient hesitation and sudden acceleration of the dance, the swift changes of

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emotion from sensuous *insouciance* to boisterous exuberance while limbs circle and sway and eyes glow with passion or snap with wild exhilaration. These dances, with their fascinating changes of rhythm and tempo, incite and ravish the hearer. Their beauties are so obvious that they could not fail of recognition. They gave the start to the vast amount of music with distinct local coloring which has since come into vogue. But Brahms has been more successful than any of his followers in this field because he has known how to preserve just enough of the wild originals to charm civilized ears.

Brahms is the greatest living composer. Few will dispute this statement. In favor of whom could they? Dvorák or Rubinstein? Possibly. But these composers, though doubtless very distinguished, reproduce too much of what is semi-barbaric in their nationalities to rival Brahms in the estimation of people of musical culture. What has either Dvorák or Rubinstein to pit against the "German Requiem"? The merits of these composers are more obvious than those of Brahms, and with the general public their music is doubtless more taking, but neither of them has Brahms's profundity of thought and emotion, or even his command of technical resources. What people cannot understand they either reject as rubbish, or, with some pretense of understanding, stigmatize as intellectual, using that word as opposed to emotional or poetic. Brahms is indeed intellectual in so far that he is scholarly, but he is also deeply emotional. He reaches far down into his heart for his inspiration—and those who cannot follow him call him dry and intellectual, whereas his scholarship simply refines and controls his inspiration, and prevents it from running away with him. No one, for instance, could accuse Brahms of being unduly prolix, or of developing his ideas at too great length. He applies his scholarship and his command of technical resources to keep his thoughts well in hand, rather than to work them threadbare. This results in a certain dramatic concentration, a terseness like that of Browning, a saying of much in little—a saying of too much, perhaps, for the public to "take in" at a single hearing. Brahms has indeed been called the "Browning of music," but rather to indicate what people consider his obscurity. The parallel is not, however, amiss. Browning may be classed as the baritone among poets. He spoke in deeper, manlier tones than those who have, perhaps, piped sweeter lays. Similarly, Brahms is, like Schumann, a baritone among composers. His works have the baritone *timbre*. The tenor is more brilliant and taking, but the comparatively few to whom music is a sacred art know that baritone is the man's voice *par excellence*, and feel that in the domain of absolute music Brahms is Schumann's worthy successor. Like Schumann, too, Brahms's songs alone give him high rank as a composer. His exultant "Wie froh und frisch" and his gentle and lovely "Lullaby" have won him grateful admirers who have never yet heard one of his symphonies.

When Wagner put forward his theory that absolute music was a thing of the past, that it had reached its climax with Beethoven, and that it could thenceforth succeed only as an integral part of a universal art-work, the music-drama, those who clung to classic forms, still believing that variety and beauty of expression were possible within the well-defined limits of these forms, rallied around Brahms and put him forward as the champion of conservatism—much against his will, we fancy; for he has not, as Wagner had, an aggressive personality, not shunning, but actually eager for, the fray. Moreover, Brahms is not conservative in the sense of being old-fashioned. He works, like Schumann, in classic forms, but, as with Schumann, what he puts into these forms is modern almost beyond his generation. He has recently published some twenty-odd pieces for the pianoforte under the unpretentious titles of "Fantasien," "Drei Intermezzi," and "Clavierstücke." Whoever takes the trouble to play himself into these (as the Germans say) will realize that there has been nothing of like importance written for pianoforte solo since Schumann laid down his pen. They are well defined in form, yet modern of modern in content, with wealth of melody and depth of emotional expression combined with a subtlety of harmonic treatment in which we recognize the unerring hand of a master. With the "German Requiem," the symphonies, those charming vocal waltzes "Die Liebeslieder," the brilliant Hungarian Dances, and the latest pianoforte pieces before us, it is enough to say that Brahms has proved that absolute music is not dead.

Brahms was born in Hamburg in 1833, but since 1861 he has resided in Vienna, the home of so many great composers in the past. His portrait will be found on our cover page.

True Americanism

The ideals and temperament of a people are always in a sense intangible, but they are in the last degree real and substantial, and they find their expression in a widely diffused and distinctive spirit. The French are not easily understood by other races, but every intelligent person knows what Gallicism is; the English often seem contradictory in gifts and traits, but Anglicism is a very comprehensible thing. In like manner there is developing in this country the spirit of Americanism—something peculiar to our soil and institutions. It is uncertain as yet precisely what Americanism is to mean. In Europe, as a rule, it means something crude, offensive, and destructive of the finer qualities of civilization and character; in the mouths of many politicians it is insolent, grasping, and bumptious; in the vision of Emerson and Lowell it meant a new kind of manhood—self-reliant, but reverent; not to be moved by fear, but just and temperate; capable and successful, but setting the things of the spirit above the things of the body.

It is hardly necessary to say that the final form which Americanism will take will be determined neither by Europe nor by our native demagogues. We shall not reduce everything to a dead level and vulgarize the world because Renan insisted that this was to be our influence; nor shall we repeat the stupid old blunders of the older nations and grasp every bit of territory within our reach, and bear ourselves insolently toward weaker countries and truculently toward our equals because cheap politicians can see no better way of expressing the national spirit. We shall be neither vulgar nor bumptious. There is no country in which excellence and superiority are more honored, and none in which mere pride of power has less hold upon the popular imagination. All attempts to wheel us into line with the antiquated notions of the Old World as to what constitutes national strength have utterly failed. We mean to be respected the world over, but we care nothing about making an impression by a great navy.

The "vigorous foreign policy," preached by politicians whose domestic policy has been anything but vigorous, has fallen on deaf ears. It is certain that the American people want no more territory. In recent years they have made their mind on that subject perfectly clear. They have never felt the least gratification in the possession of Alaska; they showed unmistakable anger when the plan to secure Cuba came to light; they care nothing about

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Samoa, and they do not want the Sandwich Islands. The Outlook differed from President Cleveland about his proposed interference in Hawaiian affairs, but, although his application of the principle was, in our judgment, unwise, the principle was just and noble, and the President struck a note which will become dominant in our history. For almost the first time in the history of diplomacy, a powerful nation put aside the opportunity of aggrandizement lying in its hand, and declared that exact justice should be done to a foreign people who were at its mercy. This was a great and novel position; it broke away from the selfish traditions of the past; it struck a new and ringing note; it was true Americanism. We care nothing for the shows of power or for new territory; we care nothing for the "new navy" except as a measure of prudence; we have not the slightest design of entering into competition with other countries in the matter of armaments. Even the windiest politician begins to understand our temper in these matters.

True Americanism has too much confidence in the strength of the Nation to feel the need of demonstrating that strength by competition in armaments, or by insolence and bluster. It has that consciousness of immense resources which begets repose and develops generosity of sentiment. Genuine Americanism shows itself, not in hostility to the Old World, but in entire willingness to learn from the experience of others what it has not yet had time to learn from its own experience. It is too strong to fear to be either just or humble. If it has something of the crudity of youth, it has also its open-mindedness; above all, it has the superb power of growth which belongs to youth. It can afford to put aside aggrandizement in its relations with other countries and insist upon justice between nations, and it can afford to put away jealousy and learn from other nations whatever of value they have to teach. Along these lines this country can adopt a policy which shall be not only novel but regenerating. The politician's ideal America is a bigger Germany, England, or France; the true America must be something different from that which these old countries stand for. If we are to be only richer and stronger than the older nations, then we have lived in vain; if we are only to make men more comfortable, and, by reason of our strength, to play with a more audacious hand the old game of grab and bluster, then the discoverers, the colonists, the settlers, the heroic men and women of our past, have lived and died in vain. It is not a bigger country that we are working for, but a nobler country; not a nation which shall repeat the dreary story of greed and grasp, but a nation that shall write a new chapter of generosity and justice.

Mr. Pullman's Testimony

The testimony of Mr. George M. Pullman, the inventor, creator, and active head of the great Pullman interests, was taken in Chicago on Monday, and constituted the most interesting and suggestive feature of the inquiry of the Labor Commission thus far. We give an account elsewhere of the other testimony. We shall not, perhaps, be accused of supporting anarchy and disorder when we say that Mr. Pullman's testimony does more to arouse sympathy for the striking workingmen at Pullman than the claims and accusations of their own leaders. Mr. Pullman read from a typewritten manuscript, and quoted accurately prepared figures. He testified that the Pullman Company has a surplus of more than $16,000,000; that it has declared this year a dividend of $2,800,000 on its capital stock of $36,000,000; that the rents at Pullman were not reduced when wages were, as "so little income was coming from rents that we could not afford to reduce them further;" that the Pullman lease requires tenants to make repairs; and that his own "wages" and those of the other officers of the Company were not reduced when the workmen's wages were cut, because "if the wages of the superior officers were reduced they might have quit us." He repeated the now well-known argument that the Company had bid for a contract to build fifty-five cars at a loss of from $300 to $400 on each car. But his other testimony is such that we scarcely think that Mr. Pullman can convince either himself or others that this loss was undertaken out of human sympathy for the "dear workingmen" of Pullman. So far, the testimony before the Labor Commission has done nothing to palliate in any way the violence and illegal acts of the Chicago strikers, nor perhaps to prove that Pullman employees were wise in not making the best of a hard situation, but it clearly has demolished the claim of some good people that the Pullman Company is a semi-philanthropic institution.

Editorial Notes

—The editors of the "Advance," having patiently borne with the words "sermonettes" and "storiettes" in its contemporaries, are at last goaded to protest by the "Zion's Herald's" "essaylet." So they write a notelet asking their editorial brethren to abstain from such diminutives—a wish in which we warmly join.

—The saloon-keepers of Council Bluffs, Iowa, have sued that city for $20,000 of fines collected from them during the years their traffic was prohibited. As there is no doubt that the city violated the State law in collecting these "fines," the case against it is very probably a good one. If we had to decide it, we should, like Judge Hoar in the old story, be extremely sorry that we could not decide against both parties.

—Something new in the way of agitation of the liquor question was seen in St. Louis the other day when the St. Louis Liquor-Dealers' Benevolent Association waited on the Mayor and asked him to close a camp-meeting on the ground that the speakers were abusive in their remarks about the liquor trade and its devotees. The delegates thought the camp-meeting "a menace to public morals." It does not seem to have occurred to them that the phrase was an excellent one with which to describe their own trade.

—We learn, as we are about to go to press, of the death of Mrs. Celia Thaxter, at her home in the Isle of Shoals (New Hampshire), on Sunday night. Of no American woman writer of poetry can it be more truly said that her verse was the spontaneous outcome of innate poetic feeling. Mrs. Thaxter wrote because the poetry was in her life and heart, not because she wished to manufacture poems. Her last volume, "An Island Garden," a delightful record of her sympathy with the sea, the flowers, and the birds, is a final witness of her sincerity and her sympathy with nature.

—The illiteracy among the Italian, Hungarian, Bohemian, and Polish elements of our foreign-born population has increased rather alarmingly of late years. It is, therefore, a great satisfaction to learn that, instead of one-sixth part illiterates, as in 1880, our population has now but one-eighth—the reduction, of course, obtaining among the native-born. Illiteracy is much more prevalent in the South than in the North, the extremes ranging from three per cent. in Nebraska to 45 per cent. in Louisiana and South Carolina. Among the colored inhabitants of the North the proportion of illiterates is about 30 per cent., while in the South it ranges from 30 per cent. in Florida to 72 per cent. in Louisiana. There is thus still some work in hand for the Freedman's Society.

—It is interesting to note that the finest specimens of the Polynesian race, the Maoris of New Zealand, have within the past few weeks signed their own racial death-warrant, and that their country, which has long been closed territory to the white man, has now succumbed to the inevitable. King Tawhiao and all his chiefs have acknowledged Queen Victoria as their sovereign, and in consequence have been asked to come to Wellington during the next session of the New Zealand Parliament. When the English first settled in New Zealand the fifty thousand Maoris were in the ascendency, and of course had to be propitiated; hence exclusive possession of their lands was promised to them. To-day, with a white population of seven hundred thousand, conditions are changed.

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The Future of the United States

By Benjamin Kidd

As Interviewed by H. J. W. Dam

Mr. Benjamin Kidd, the author of "Social Evolution," which has been characterized as the most thought-inciting book of recent times, is still a young man, his age being, we believe, thirty-five. He is an employee in the English civil service, and resides near London. He has contributed signed and unsigned articles to many reviews and magazines, but "Social Evolution" is as yet his only published book. It is worth noting that this book is the product of six years' work, the author having, it is stated, done something relating to it every day during that time. Although his line of thought has been philosophical and in broad generalization rather than in objective, minute scientific work, Mr. Kidd has made a close study of insect social life, even keeping colonies of bees and ants in London itself, with a view to a comparative study of their social habits. The fact illustrates the thoroughness of his methods. "Social Evolution" has met with an extraordinary sale, is being translated into German, and is arousing a remarkable amount of comment and criticism. Mr. Kidd's study has been society, in that broad sense which includes all civilized peoples, and he has been the first to consider the peoples of to-day according to the methods of Darwin, tracing all the forces now changing and affecting society to their remote origin, and thus establishing an accurate alignment by which the social future can be foretold with some degree of accuracy. We are sure that our readers will be pleased to hear his treatment, from this point of view, of the national future of the United States. The Outlook's estimate of the book "Social Evoluion" will be found in our issue dated June 2 of this year, while in the issue of June 23 will be found some account of Mr. Kidd's personality.

Benjamin Kidd

THE United States has always been a puzzling problem politically, and its future has been a debated question among all those political economists who are trying to foresee the national conditions of a century hence. Mr. Kidd has worked out the problem in England in a way that has aroused the greatest interest. The United States, however, he had passed over to a large extent as a more complicated example of the action of the forces causing social evolution. His book in its entirety is simply a searching essay upon public opinion and all the forces, historical and contemporary, which tend to strengthen and improve or to undermine it; and consequently an interview was asked for and obtained with him upon his view of the condition of public opinion in the United States, together with the conclusions which he based thereon.

The author takes his success calmly, and is much more interested in his studies than in himself. Over the coffee in his home at Bayswater he discussed the value of being interviewed as he would discuss any other impersonal problem. It should be said that in the following interview what he has written upon certain points of interest is at times referred to and quoted in preference to discussing them offhand and with less care and concentration than they deserve. In answer to a question concerning his previous work, he said:

"Yes, this is my first book, and it represents between six and seven years of research and writing. I have been a contributor to the magazines and reviews, but have done no other literary work. My attention was attracted seven years ago to the fact that there had been no attempt to apply to society and the social struggles of to-day the Darwinian method. There had been, in short, no serious attempt at the study of society from the evolutionary standpoint. Perhaps the time had scarcely arrived for the attempt to explain the nature of the social forces now at work by this method, but great advances have been made from the biological side within the last few years, and these induced me to undertake the task."

"You hold in your book that the gradual extension of privileges to the masses has been a process of the centuries, much more rapid in its advancement since the Reformation than before it. According to the operation of this movement in the past, how do you foresee the adjustment, in England and the United States, of the present antagonism between capital and labor?"

"The social conditions in the two countries are different, and, while every serious student of society must hope that this question will ultimately be settled in the same way and by the same force in both, it is much easier to make predictions concerning England than America. The same force operates in both nations, however. Since the early part of this century we have had in England a series of measures following each other at short intervals and extending the political franchise until it now includes nearly all the adult male population. Side by side with these we have had a number of measures emancipating trade and commerce from the control of the privileged classes, who, under the cover of protective laws, made largely in their own interests, were enabled to tax the community for their benefit. In like manner, during the century a long list of measures has aimed at the curtailment and abolition of class privileges. The extension of the franchise has been accompanied by measures like the Ballot Act and the Bribery Acts, intended to protect the weakest and poorest class of the people from being interfered with in the exercise of their political rights. We have also had a succession of Education Acts, which have aimed at qualifying every citizen to understand and value for himself his rights and position as a member of a free community. Now, the active popular force which has produced these extensions of the privileges of the masses has been popular opinion, and that popular opinion in England has been largely due to an extremely sensitive public conscience. The connection between this altruistic sympathy and altruistic sense of duty and the Christian religion in the minds of the civilized community I have been at some pains to trace and establish in my book. Without going into that part of the question, let us see what the necessary outcome of this force must be. Obviously, if it still continues in action—and in England it seems to be stronger to-day than ever—it must, having given the masses equal political rights, ultimately give them equal social opportunities. We are in England in reality entering upon a new era at the present time. The political enfranchisement of the masses is well-nigh accomplished; the process which will occupy the next period will be their social enfranchisement.

"On the other hand, while trade and commerce have been to a large extent freed from the control of the privileged classes in the past, the capitalist classes appear to have inherited a very large share of the rights and powers of their predecessors. By the combination of the capitalist class into rings, trusts, syndicates, and like associations for the universal control of production and the artificial keeping up of prices, the community finds the general welfare threatened by a new complication. We have also great organizations and combinations of labor against these capitalist classes, whereby the life of the community is disturbed and disorganized to a serious extent, and to which it seems increasingly difficult to apply the old doctrine of the restricted nature of the duty of the State. In England the controlling factor in this dispute is, in reality, always public opinion. The public conscience,

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which is moving faster and faster in these matters, has all the appearance of being destined to move far. We have evidence everywhere along the line, not only of a movement towards the general abandonment of the doctrine of the non-interference of the State in social matters, but also of a more significant tendency which seems to be associated with it. This is a tendency to strengthen and equip, at the general expense, the lower and weaker against the higher and wealthier classes of the community. In fact, we have already passed a considerable distance beyond the doctrine that the end of endeavor is to secure political equality for all. The movement toward equality of social opportunities for all is well and strongly begun.

"This is the condition of affairs in England. Turning to America, it seems to me that, while the same underlying force is strongly in action, the question is complicated by several causes. The first of these is the newness of the country. This newness, and the consequent ease with which money could be made, has drawn off into money-making a large amount of a certain class of ability which in this country contributes very much to the creation of a healthy public opinion. The second cause is that, while great pains appear to have been taken with the American Constitution, nothing like the same attention has been given to those smaller but greatly more important details affecting the actual administration of government. These present a large number of very serious evils, for the remedy of which a sturdy, vigorous sense of public morality (which must always have in it a large element of self-sacrifice) is required. Until that public morality is aroused I do not think you can expect them to disappear. At present they serve as a hindrance to anti-capitalistic legislation, and doubtless will continue to do so for some time to come. The important fact which has to be considered, however, is that there is every reason why the great corrective force, public opinion, should be as healthy and as powerful in America as it is here. To appreciate its present condition, remembering that it is the humanitarian spirit in the community which ultimately adjusts all social injustices, consider the evidences of the great increase in the humanitarian spirit which the most recent history in the two countries furnishes. The growth of benevolent institutions, although not as convincing as other evidences, is still a very striking feature. Associations and corporations for giving effect to philanthropic purposes are innumerable, and scarcely a week passes without fresh additions to their number. The extraordinary sensitiveness of the public mind among the English and American peoples to wrong or suffering of any kind is marked and increasing. In the public press appeals in respect of injury, outrage, or wrong suffered by any particular class have become not only a common evidence of the public sense of universal brotherhood, but also one of the strongest political forces that can be utilized. It is in America that you have had within the lifetime of the present generation one of the greatest wars of the century—that in which the abolition of slavery was the issue—fought over a purely humanitarian and ethical question. Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, arising in communities where they never existed before, are evidences of humanitarian progression which are undeniable; evidences which are all the more impressive from the contrast which they present to the utter indifference to suffering which prevailed among the ancients, and which survived among ourselves down to a comparatively recent date. No one can fail to see, in the multitude of philanthropic and elevating enterprises of a public character, from the movement in favor of temperance to the widespread interest in matters affecting marriage and the condition of future generations, a height of altruistic feeling in England and America to-day which has certainly not been reached in the past history of either country. Now, it is this force, this ethical force, which, as I have endeavored to show in my book, is the great and determining influence in all public questions. Consequently, with the materials for a healthy public opinion in America, and the machinery for giving effect to it, there should be the prospect of the peaceful settlement of the differences between capital and labor in that country equally as in England. It will probably be more orderly and will be characterized by less friction in this country, because our present administrative conditions are better and because we have fewer complicating forces affecting the natural outcome of the evolutionary process."

"How would you more particularly describe the difference between England and the United States in this matter of public opinion?"

"Nobody can possibly mistake the fact that public and private morality in England is to-day higher than at any time in the past. The real standards in America seem to me to be equally high, but they do not appear at present to be enforced by public sentiment. The cause of this I believe to be, as I said, a false and tainted standard of public opinion in many things, born of the rapid accumulation of wealth and its natural consequence in the community. There is no good reason to believe, however, that this condition of affairs will be enduring. Take one example. In England both political parties, while openly pretending to disregard it, really tremble before the Nonconformist conscience, which expresses the views and feelings of that great body of supporters which the Nonconformist Churches represent. Whatever its faults, it is, on the whole, a very powerful force for good in England. In America this kind of force seems to be latent. Politicians or statesmen, however, who believe that it is going to continue to be latent will, if I am not greatly mistaken, ultimately find out their error. What America needs to-day is an organized public conscience. There is no doubt that the materials are there. The invincible power of this was shown in your own War of the Rebellion. The slaves did not free themselves, or attempt to. They were freed by this public conscience aroused and organized. Those who count on a decline in the healthy state of public opinion in the United States have not, I think, rightly apprehended the character of the evolutionary forces which are at work. It is the great and inherent tendency of the American people, like those of the other Western civilizations, to raise the rivalry of life, among individuals, to the highest degree of efficiency. The people naturally and instinctively unite in bringing this about from the general sense of its necessity in social and national progress. But the process is passing through clearly defined stages. It will be far more socialistic—if I may use such a term—later on. At present a large part of the population take part in the rivalry of life, social, commercial, or political, under conditions which preclude them, whatever their natural gifts or ability, from any chance therein; public opinion, appreciating the value to the State of free rivalry and free competition among individuals, can only open wider and wider the doors of opportunity to all. This is the natural tendency. When the public conscience is aroused, when the necessity is felt, organization and action will naturally follow, and any forces interfering with progress will be thrust aside."

"What bearing upon the question has the present dominance in America of the practical politician?"

"Corruption in American politics should be only a passing phase. The causation is easy to see. The length of its duration cannot be so easily foreseen, because, as I said before, the social forces have not yet in a new country so clearly developed themselves as to allow of being accurately studied. It would certainly, however, appear to be only a temporary element in your social and national development. We had a somewhat similar state of affairs in England not so long ago, which yielded to courageous and persistent effort. But you want personal sacrifice and devotion. This is the real crux before you. You want men capable of giving the same devotion to the cause of public morality that is now given to the cause of money-making. If anybody says America cannot produce them, I simply say I cannot believe it. Exposure by the press is effective only when sturdily backed by healthy public opinion. There are other difficulties in America which are important, and which will take more time to overcome. These arise, in the smaller details of government, perhaps,

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from the establishment of a system of government in these details before the people were prepared for it. In England we have largely built from the ground upwards. In America, in many matters of government, you have constructed from the top down. The development in this country has been slow and orderly. In the first place, we have, by slow advance, surrounded our parish and municipal bodies with a very efficient system of checks against maladministration. In the second place, and in consequence of this slow and orderly development, public opinion has been educated up to a proper sense of its responsibilities and the personal value of paying attention to them. Consequently the political middleman, the practical politician who proposes to do for the people what they are too busy or too indifferent to do for themselves, has not, and is not likely to have, any opportunity in England similar to that which he gets in America. In America you started with a Constitution much better than ours—at the top. But yet, on the whole, we are much better off than you at the bottom in municipal and local administration. To these matters we have paid great attention. The political constitution at the top does not so greatly matter, when it is kept right by public opinion. With you, public opinion has yet had no opportunity of being educated to its responsibilities in these smaller matters, and the personal value of paying attention to them. The extension of the rights of citizenship to foreigners who had no proper sense of their responsibility, naturally increased the opportunity of the practical politician in America. The pursuit of wealth, its exceptionally rapid accumulation, and the desire of capital for legislation unjustly favorable to capital, no doubt were special causes further tending to increase corruption in America. But all these, as I have said, should prove to be but temporary evils, and disappear in time before the force of healthy public opinion, which in the natural order of things should sooner or later attain arousal and action."

"Does the maintenance of a healthy state of public opinion in America depend upon the general maintenance of belief in the Christian religion?"

"I do not believe that the altruistic development, so visible now in our Western civilization, has any power to continue to exist apart from the roots from which it sprang. This is one of the principal ideas worked out in 'Social Evolution.' Politically, the essential and important effect of the Christian religion upon the Western civilization is, I have tried to show, the production of a social character and social efficiency. As I have said, the intellect by itself can never breed altruism. With the decay of the ethical influence of the Christian religion, we may imagine the cynical indifference, nay, the cultivated intellectual pride, with which a vigorous character would regard its emancipation from what it must, under such circumstances, regard as a mere vulgar thralldom. If our conscious relationship to the universe is measured by the brief span of individual existence, then the intellect can know of only one duty in the individual, namely, his duty to himself to make the most of the few precious years of consciousness he can ever know. We must expect wealth and power in such circumstances to be grasped at with fierce earnestness, not from what are called sordid motives, but from intellectual motives over and above all others—that is to say, the gratification of the desires which they alone can secure. Voluptuousness and epicureanism have everywhere been, and everywhere continue to be, the accompaniments in such circumstances of irresponsible wealth and power, the corresponding mental habit being one of cultured contempt for the excluded and envious masses.

"I do not believe, however, whatever be the changes in dogma which have been produced by the doctrine of evolution and the historical criticism of the Bible, that the ethical force of Christianity, which has been and is the main factor in our social progress, has yet shown any signs of diminution in power or any visible indications of such diminution in the future. I believe, on the contrary, that this great force, which represents the essential social value of the Christian religion to the Western civilizations, has become one whose value the people, irreligious as well as religious, will appreciate more clearly as time goes on. As an evidence of this, the alteration which, in my opinion, is visibly taking place in the standpoint from which religion is regarded, is remarkable. The change is not exclusively, nor perhaps even principally, confined to those professing religion, and it affects men of different views in widely different ways. The outward indications might at first sight seem puzzling and conflicting in the extreme, and it is not till they are grouped and compared that they are seen to all belong to one wide and general movement of opinion. Within the churches one of the signs of this change is visible in a new and growing tendency to assert that religion is concerned with man's actual state in this world, as well as with his possible state in the next; also the desire to dwell upon those features which ecclesiastical organizations have in common, rather than those features in which they differ from each other; and in the increasing tendency to assert that churches should be judged by their deeds rather than their doctrines. One of the results of this in America will probably be that the religious bodies will in the near future be a far more potent factor in forming public opinion, and, therefore, become a powerful instead of a latent force in the calculations of party managers. But the change to which I refer is much more noticeable outside the churches than inside them. In the great struggle which has been waged in this century between science and religion, some at least of the leading controversialists have begun to see that the result is likely to be different from what either side expected, and strangely different from that which the most impulsive spokesmen of science have anticipated.

"One of the first things which arrests attention on a comparison of the condition of thought, outside the churches, upon religious questions between the present time and the beginning of the century, is the disappearance of that condition of mind which, at the period of the French Revolution, took the form of assured and aggressive objection to religion. It is not that the dogmas of religion are more widely adhered to now than they were then, but that this aggressive state of mind has been to a large extent superseded in America, Germany, and England, but more particularly in England, by a remarkable earnestness, a general deep-lying religiousness—using the word in its broadest sense, for the disposition is not less marked among those who openly reject the dogmas of religion—which is perhaps without a parallel in any age. It would be a mistake now to view as representative of the time the aggressive and merely destructive form of unbelief which finds expression in England in opinions like those of the late Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, and in America in the writings and addresses of Colonel Robert Ingersoll. Even with regard to the views of the new party of Agnostics, representing what may be called unbelief in a passive state, a current of change may be discerned in progress. The militant onslaughts of so cultured a representative as Professor Huxley, the founder of the party, do not find the response in men's minds that they would have found at a previous time. They are almost unconsciously recognized as belonging to a phase of thought beyond which the present generation feels itself in some way to have moved. The general mind, so often more scientific than our current science, seems to feel that there is something wrong in the attitude of science towards the subject of religion, that the most persistent and universal class of phenomena connected with society cannot be thus lightly disposed of, and that our religious systems must have some unexplained function to perform in the evolution which society is undergoing, and on a scale to correspond with the magnitude of the phenomena. We are undoubtedly making progress, and progress upward, in this matter of religion. The evidences of this in our social progress are clear and undeniable. The direction may appear uncertain, but all the indications denote a definite and unmistakable advance of some kind. The condition which the social mind has reached may be tentatively described as one of realization, more or less unconscious, that religion has a definite function to perform in society, and that it is a factor of some kind in the social evolution which is in progress. There is not in

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England, so far, any sign of any decline in social efficiency through diminishing faith in religion. On the contrary, our social efficiency appears to me to be unmistakably showing a steady and undeniable increase."

"What is your view of the social conditions of the next century?"

"There are two great events which will, in all probability, fill a great part in the history of the twentieth century. The first will be the accomplishment among the Western peoples of the last stage of that social development which tends to bring all people into the rivalry of life on conditions of social equality. The other will be the final filling up by these peoples of all those tracts in the temperate regions of the earth which are suitable for permanent occupation. As both these processes tend toward completion, we must expect our present relations toward the colored races occupying territories outside the temperate zones to undergo further development. The day is probably not far distant when, with the advance which science is making, we shall recognize that it is in the tropics and not in the temperate zones that we have the greatest food-producing and material-producing regions upon the earth; that the natural highways of commerce in the world are those which run north and south, and that we have the highest possible interest in the proper development and efficient administration of the tropical regions, and in an exchange of products therewith on a far larger scale than has been attempted or imagined. The question that will, therefore, present itself for solution will be: How are the development and efficient administration of these regions to be secured? The ethical development which has taken place in our civilization has rendered the experiment once made to develop their resources by forced native labor—by slavery—impossible. We have already abandoned, under pressure of experience, the idea that once prevailed that the tropical regions might be occupied and permanently colonized by European races, as vast regions in the temperate climes have been. Within a measurable period in the future we shall probably also have to abandon the idea that the colored races, left to themselves, possess the qualities necessary to the development of the rich resources of the lands they have inherited. It seems to me that, while the rights of the colored races in the tropical regions will be increasingly respected, the solution which must nevertheless develop itself is that the tropics must be administered from the temperate regions. I have treated of the lessons of Egypt and India in 'Social Evolution.' They can scarcely fail to have their effect upon the United States in determining its attitude towards the tropical regions of America. The necessity of the future predominance of the influence of English-speaking peoples over the American continents is, indeed, already recognized by a kind of national instinct which may be expected to find clearer expression as time goes on."

The Institutional Village Church

By the Rev. E. A. George

The village church in a certain sense has a wider sphere than that of the city, it stands so much more alone. Side by side with the city church are lecture courses, concerts, Young Men's Christian Associations, public libraries, entertainments of varied character, the stimulating reaction of association with large numbers of men and women, countless influences which tend to keep persons thinking, to rest them after work, to call out the best in them. From this point of view the city church might almost be excused if it contented itself with the old-fashioned lines of specifically religious work, leaving wider philanthropic and educational influences to the many agencies which surround it. Yet it is this very city church, with all its humanitarian allies, which is branching out from the conventional channels and contributing to the general physical, social, and intellectual well-being of the community.

Directly opposite is the situation of the village church. It stands alone. What allies has it, to which it may intrust general humanizing influences? What place is there open every night, except the saloon, if there be one, and the store, that club-house of the country town? Beside the occasional lecture and concert and theatrical performance (which is generally of a character to justify the historic opposition of the stricter sects), what is there to call men and women out of themselves, to stimulate them to be anything but drudges? There is a certain barrenness of life in the ordinary village, due to this very lack of inspiration. The atmosphere is close with local interests which stifle, and petty scandals which poison. The average town needs airing, needs to have its windows thrown wide open, that breezes from the great outside world may blow in to purify and invigorate. There are not a few who long for this fresh air. There are tired women who have hardly opened a book since their marriage, except the well-worn cook-book, and who look upon the shelf of school-books as a dream of the past. As they dust them, they think with a sigh of the intellectual interests which housework and the care of children have crippled, and there is nothing to stimulate a return to the old studies. There are men who wish to check the inroads upon time and life of business, and to give their higher selves a chance, but there is little to help them. Business hours in a "center of trade" are much longer than in the city. In many towns the stores are open from six in the morning till ten at night, and this every day in the week. If early closing be proposed, the objection is raised that there is nothing else to do, nowhere to go. The village needs to be shown things to do in the evening, and places to go to—things and places so attractive that the stores will close of themselves. This is just the business of the village church; it ought to offer the community something more than Sunday services, a prayer and conference meeting, an occasional "sociable," strangely misnamed, as stiff and cold as the ice-cream served. It stands alone with a wide field; it rests upon it to quicken not only moral and religious life, but also domestic, social, intellectual, æsthetic, every kind of life that is genuinely human. If there is any church which cannot be forgiven for not being in some sense "institutional," it is this same village church.

An account of a recent attempt in this direction may be of interest, and offer some definite suggestion. It is simply an application of the University Extension idea. One hundred miles from the town is a good college, from which a professor was invited to deliver a lecture on modern history and to suggest books and outlines of work for a class. A simple church announcement brought together in a preliminary meeting over thirty desiring to join such a movement. There were about a hundred present at the introductory lecture, to which a small admission was charged in order to pay expenses. Each member of the class had Muller's "Political History of Recent Times" as a text-book, and there was purchased for general use, from a common fund, a reference library consisting of Fyffe's three volumes on modern Europe, Murdock's "Reconstruction of Europe," McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," and Lowell's "Eve of the French Revolution." For more than four months bi-weekly meetings of the class were held, at which a definite period was discussed and short papers read, each member reading several papers during the course. A committee presented at each meeting a printed outline of the reading for the next, with appointments of essays. The ladies, with characteristic ambition, met by themselves in the intervening week, to make special preparation for the next meeting. One of the programmes was as follows:

Crimean War.—Causes. Attitude of Austria, Prussia, Sardinia, France, and England. Measures taken by the Sultan. Siege of Sebastopol. Peace of Paris.

Unification of Italy, 1848–71.—Power of Austria in Italy. Victor Emmanuel. Alliance of Napoleon. Solferino. Garibaldi. Addition of Sicily, Naples, and Venetia to the kingdom. Rome made the capital.

Topics for Papers.—Siege of Sebastopol. Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi. Cavour.

The books and outlines were in more than twenty families. Many not members of the class became interested and wished to attend the meetings. Toward the close of the

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course the professor made a second visit, and gave an interesting lecture on the whole period. Memories of school-days were revived; fresh ambition came to not a few; tired mothers found a new rest from housework and care of the children in studying about Florence Nightingale and Empress Eugénie. Business men read the foreign items in the papers with new appreciation; the Irish problem, the European balance of power, the relations between France and Germany, the work of Bismarck, stood out as never before; a larger view of the labor problem, with suggestions for to-day, developed.

There are few towns in New England which have not a college within one hundred miles. These colleges are Christian institutions, conducted by Christian men, and would doubtless respond with all gladness to calls from neighboring villages. Education and Christianity have been always closely linked in New England, and perhaps they may find in such work a new bond.

Ten years of such courses, and what a large education would be won! Men and women would be looking out from our New England hills and valleys over the whole world, scandals and petty localisms would lose their charm, stores would be closed at night because there would be so much to do elsewhere, spirituality would be enriched, preaching from the pulpit would appeal to a greater sensitiveness, the kingdom of God would be advanced; for it is not only in the spectacular movements of metropolitan Christianity, but as certainly in the quiet work of the village church, "not with observation," that the kingdom comes.

A Colorado Outing

By Mary Wickham Roe

The Dominie and I don't enjoy hot weather, and when for a week the thermometer in the front hall stood at from 100° to 110°, life in sunny Texas began to grow monotonous, and both the Dominie and I began to look forward eagerly to our trip to the Rockies. So we just bundled our old tramping clothes, our botanies and bird-books, into our trunk, and, not knowing our destination, set forth in search of cooler climes. On through the waving corn-fields, tall enough to hide a man on horseback, and the magnificent wheat-fields, now covered with the golden sheaves, through northern Texas, across "the Nation" and the treeless plains of the Cherokee Strip—last year an idle wilderness, now literally dotted over with new houses, dugouts, and all kinds of tents for temporary homes—all day long through Kansas, with its wearisome sameness of scenery; and the second morning, away off there over the plains, arose the pink outlines of the Rockies. They seemed right at hand, so clear is this wonderful atmosphere, but hour after hour we wound about the swells of the prairie, always climbing and coquetting with those jewel-like hills, until, at half-past seven, we were in Colorado Springs. The Dominie, of course, had picked up acquaintance with nearly every one on the car—a way we Western folks have which you Easterners have not; what we miss in style we gain in interest and comfortable good-fellowship. We hunted up a buggy and took a ride through this beautiful city, with its homes of luxury and refinement and avenues of trees kept green by the streams of water rushing along each street, from which irrigating-pipes enter each yard. Such a profusion of water! The Dominie thought sadly of our barrel of artesian water daily, for which we pay by the month, and our poor little roses so thirsty for the streams here running away in such profusion. That afternoon we boarded the electric car running out to Cheyenne Cañon.

Now, some of our friends, who know our proclivities for birds, trees, and flowers, had warned us that Colorado was barren, and we must not expect mountains like those of the East, with their forests and ferns; so when our car passed the great Casino, which we thought was the destination, and, rounding the shoulder of the hill, plunged apparently into the very mouth of the Cheyenne Cañon, we greeted with a joy which only a dweller upon the prairie can understand, the sound of rushing streams and the odors of pines and flowers. We left the crowd of irresistibly funny little burros, saddled and ready to convey us up either of the two yawning cañons which meet here, with a "see you later," to which they replied in those melodious tones which have earned for them the title of "Rocky Mountain canaries."

As we sauntered along a wood-road, reminding us of loved spots in far-off Maine, we spied an old stile. The Dominie was over it with a spring which assured me that we are still young folks, and soon excitedly called me to follow. I climbed up the tiny rocky footpath to a little gate hung between trees, and, pushing it open, we found ourselves in a secluded garden, sweet with old-fashioned flowers and fruit-trees, and before us was an ideal farm-house under big trees, and with its "mesa," or upland pasture, stretching up to the grand old mountain-side. We knocked, and were met by a sweet-faced woman. "Yes, we can take you if you want simple farm fare," and she showed us into a clean little white-curtained room, whose window looked off across the forest up to those everlasting hills. Here we settled down with delight in a spot which could not have suited us better if made to order. Daily climbs through those wonderful gorges, going to sleep with the birds and getting up with the sun, soon rested the tired brains and braced the weak muscles, until we felt ready for anything. Now, from our window we could see a road climbing dizzily around the jagged breast of old Cheyenne. When the Dominie found that it led thirty-two miles over the mountain to Cripple Creek, the gold-mining camp made famous by the recent excitements, I knew what lay before me. We decided to see something of that wild life, and to see it from the beginning; so the Dominie engaged seats for us in the stage which runs daily from Colorado Springs.

Slowly the four powerful horses lifted us from the valley, rounding dizzy curves, with few inches to spare on either side, over slopes on precipices of hundreds of feet. Somehow the leaders did seem so "loose" to me! I did not see how, with all the lines, the driver could guide those horses, so far in front, so that they would take just the right curve to prevent our hubs from locking into this projecting crag on one side, or our wheels from pushing only an inch or so beyond the track over that fearful height on the other. Yes, and half-way down this slope to the right, caught on a cruel needle of rock, the driver pointed out the remains of a wagon, shattered into fragments, which went over there so recently that the very paint was still fresh. Two other such wrecks were pointed out to us; but, fortunately, a camping trip of ours in the Texas Panhandle had accustomed us to rough riding, so, with a *sang-froid* which the Dominie says does credit to a woman reared in the old Empire State, I left those sturdy leaders and that experienced driver to their duty, and gave my whole attention to the glorious views, the carpet of new and varied flowers, and the irresistible fun and interest of the conversation of our fellow-travelers, who by this time were all old friends. Except ourselves and the driver, all were mine-owners or miners, full of stories, which thrilled my blood, of adventure, disaster, and success. Our driver was the ideal of his kind, abounding in unasked information, breaking in at certain turns in the road with time-honored descriptions of points of interest, or indulging in quotations ranging from the Bible to Mother Goose. His remarks were invariably met with shouts of derision from the men behind, to whom this route was quite as familiar as to him. Presently they fell to discussing the recent "war" between the miners and the militia, and we had an account far more vivid and picturesque than we had heard before of the now famous miners' fort on Bull Hill, which a general on the ground said could not be taken in months, but which turned out to be manned with stovepipes instead of cannon!

Our burly driver plaintively asked, "What do you think ought to be done to a man who would point a rifle at a fellow with a bore big enough for me to crawl down and get the bullet?" (which was quite an orifice, in view of his

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rotundity.) "He ought to have been strung up for not shooting," said the miner behind, with a laugh.

Down in a valley the low log house where we were to dine and change horses came in view. Tipped back in his chair against the wall sat one of the mining kings, a man who a short time ago was a plain carpenter, and now is enjoying the last laugh at those who ridiculed him for locating claims, for he derives an income of one thousand dollars a day from a single one of his mines. The ride on from here was interesting to us at every turn with sights new and wonderful, until, surmounting a height of some ten thousand feet, we came in sight of the wonderful range of Sangre de Christo, and the snow-covered summits of the great continental divide. Down through the long slopes of Grassy Gulch, past the log houses, with their roofs green with waving grass and flowers, past the turf houses and dugouts of the miners, we at last wound up one more long hill, and there, beneath us, at an altitude still of 9,500 feet, lay the wonderful gold-mining camp of Cripple Creek, a collection of tents, huts, log cabins, turf houses, houses with sides and even roofs of brown paper, fastened down with stripping-boards, and here and there a brick house or Queen Anne cottage, whose "smartness" seemed singularly out of place. One long main street climbed the hill, with the houses in one place so much higher than those across the street that their foundations were even with the roofs opposite, and the street between was in three terraces. This street was filled almost as thickly as Broadway with men of all kinds, from the rich investor to the poorest "prospector," in costumes as varied as the men themselves. Everything was quiet in Cripple Creek. Some of the militia, still in camp on the hill opposite, were the only reminder of the "war," except that the miners were, many of them, idle and unpaid. Back from the main street, up the sides of the bare hills, cling the frail little houses. These hills are covered by trails, leading to the many mines, and spotted with hundreds of holes, dug to locate claims, until they remind us of prairie-dog towns.

We slept a dreamless sleep until the morning dawned clear and bright as only a Colorado morning in the heart of the Rockies can be. After breakfast we walked over to the hills where the miners are, having to stop every few minutes for breath in this rarefied air, which seems richer in golden sunlight than in oxygen. We preferred a trail in a long horse-shoe curve around the gulch to the one diving into its depths and up again; and as we walked and looked, the Dominie, who has tramped much in his life here and abroad, said that the exhilaration of that walk was a new experience. Sitting down on a heap of gold ore near the mouth of one of the largest mines, we waited the coming of the overseer, to whom we brought a letter of introduction. Finding we were Texas long-horns in search of knowledge, he evidently determined to give us the best advantages, for, with utmost cordiality and courtesy, he lighted candles and took us into the mine, carefully explaining the methods of work and the materials. Not content with that, he took us to another part of the mine, unlocked a horizontal tunnel which had not been in use since the strike, and we followed him hundreds of feet into the mountain to where drifts on either side struck the same vein we had viewed from above. The bottom of this tunnel was about an inch deep in water, which was covered with a thick scum of iron. Beneath this red surface our guide said the water was clear as crystal, and preferred by stock to the mountain streams. Another wonderful walk through pine woods brought us again to the camp.

The Dominie, as we were on an exploring trip, had decided in favor of the railroad through the famous Ute Pass for our return, especially as that route involved a long ride in one of those genuine old Rocky Mountain stages, swung on straps, with boot behind, seats on top, and six horses, like those in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show (if the Dominie will pass the simile). While waiting for the start, we learned that this very stage was overturned the day before on its way in from Gillett, our destination; and just at this moment one of the leaders, a colt (the driver said), was frightened by a passing *watering-cart* (yes, even in Cripple Creek) and dashed out to one side, almost overturning us in the street of the town, and breaking the harness. Many men caught hold of the horse, and they had tinkered up the harness, which did not add to my confidence. Finally the word of command came, and the long lash hissed out over the leaders, and we dashed out of town. Ten men besides me on top overbalanced the old "Charlie Toll," as the coach was named, and it rolled from side to side with terrifying breadth of sweep. Our colt leader felt very frivolous, and objected to passing on the narrow ledges; and this, together with the croaks of the driver over the almost impassable condition of the roads owing to heavy rains, and the succession of harrowing tales I heard from our fellow-travelers about lightning having struck "fifteen times on that hill within a month," almost deprived me of any courage, and I braced my feet against that foot-rest, and strained forward with the horses until I felt stiff as an iron rod. Over there were those snow-capped peaks, but somehow I could not take my eyes off that narrow scratch in the face of the mountain, which was our road, or forget those laboring horses. Twice the driver said, "Gentlemen, I must ask all of you on top to clear the deck and some of you to stand on this brake-beam, on the upper side of the coach, outside, to keep her steady."

Thinking this meant me as well as the others on top, I was quietly preparing, with inward congratulations, to put foot on terra firma, when the driver said, "Not you, madam! oh no, stay just where you are." So the Dominie and I obeyed, and somehow the Charlie Toll wallowed through that mud-hole without sliding us down the precipice. At one place we saw a huge "freighter" overturned in the same hole that caught our stage the day before, so we left the road entirely and took to the open field. About a mile from Gillett, a storm which had been slowly gathering burst upon us, or rather around us, for we were literally in the cloud. Lightning flashed right and left close to us; hail fell so as to cover the mountains with white. Every few minutes the coach would sink almost to the hubs on one side or the other, and it seemed as if we would "stall" in sight of our train. But at last we drove into Gillett, with the fickle old sun laughing at us, and the Dominie and I laughing at our plight. We were the only ones who laughed. "Good old times!" growled one. "Give me a Pullman car in preference to Rocky Mountain staging." As we stepped into a car, exactly like one on the New York Elevated, I thought our trials were over, but was greeted by the statement that this train had run off the track on the way up, and they were busy mending up the brake and a wheel as well as they could there on the mountain-side. A fellow-traveler told us that this was the wildest bit of railroad in America, just completed a week ago, and so very uncertain. As we slowly, very slowly, wound down the mountain-side, we would cross an embankment hundreds of feet high, plunge into a rocky cutting, then out across a dizzy trestle, always going down a steep incline. Wonderful views of distant peaks or near ravines opened up. A fearful kind of enjoyment filled our hearts. The Dominie is so philosophical that he never loses his cheerful assurance, and so we soon put aside all fear of possible contingencies and enjoyed ourselves more than any one else in the car, I am sure. Nevertheless, it was with relief that we were transferred at Divide to the old settled tracks of the Colorado Midland. The rain now fell in torrents, and, coming through the famous Ute Pass, we could only catch glimpses, through the gathering darkness, of a foaming torrent at the bottom of this rocky cañon.

Fort Worth, Texas.

Man's unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his greatness; it is because there is an infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the finite.—*Carlyle.*

In the service of the Gospel there is a place and a call for the best talents a man can bring—learning, eloquence, common sense, devotion—but in none of these dwells the power to cleave hard hearts, to soften stubborn wills, to awaken dead souls. Only God can reach and save his own Spirit in man. He must be in and behind both messenger and message.—*Rev. Charles A. Berry.*

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The Spectator

An invalid well known to the Spectator once complained to her physician of her lack of appetite, and begged him for a tonic. "Eat, madam, eat," answered her brusque adviser. "There is no tonic like it. Appetite grows with eating." Not long ago, at a meeting of thoughtful men and women, the Spectator heard what in sum amounted to an apology for the present-day press, given in the shape of an attack upon the public. This defensive attack, delivered by certain press representatives in response to invitation, was beyond measure interesting as a point of view. In substance the conclusion was: "We feed to the public what it wants. Our finger is on the pulse of circulation. We do not publish for sentiment. When the circulation rises we know why, and the why is repeated. If the result is odious, the means of discipline lies directly in the hands of the public. It has only to cease buying." As a discussion, this endeavor to separate cause and effect had in the end but little defined result, but the Spectator thought of the brusque physician's prescription, and, in theory at least, adjudged his reasoning sound applied to any appetite. Caterer and eaters are both faulty in the present-day press question, but for the fact that the appetite for unwholesome "copy" has reached voraciousness the chef may be justly arraigned. Of course the press feeds to the people what is wanted, and the more jaded their palates become, the more piquant will be the sauces served. Yet the chef who deliberately adds to the legitimate condiments "trail-of-the-serpent" is morally as blameworthy as the arsenic-poisoner coloring his candy to sell his wares. Supply can create demand as surely as demand supply. Before opium was, the appetite for it was not. Surely there is no more wholesome medicine for a great country than a free press; no more deadly poison than a press that riots in license.

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Yet to decide between legitimate and illegitimate press condiments is not so easy a task as it seems at first glance. When the distinctly vulgar has been ruled out, there is still an elusive mass of comparative morality to deal with. The Spectator began to realize this as he sat, not long ago, listening to a conversation between two conscientious, thoughtful readers. One of the speakers was, in no narrow-mindedness, adjudging the publication they held under discussion as loathsome, scarcely a fit topic for general conversation; while the other, equally just-minded, had no words of praise too strong for the timeliness of the theme chosen or for its vigor of treatment. The Spectator's mind, as one of the laity, was suddenly opened to the difficulties of an editor's position. Who shall decide when readers disagree? This is just what the conscientious editor is every day called upon to do; and he must do so wisely, or else—

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"I was obliged to resign my position in the editorial office where I had settled," said a literary worker to the Spectator; "not that I was disappointed financially, but I was afraid to stay. When I went there I had a little moral code of my own where my work was concerned, and I honestly believe the editors had theirs; but they had gradually become so confused in comparative ethics as to lose the power of discrimination. The worst of it was, their reasoning was so plausible. You see, as they had first to persuade their own uneasy consciences on all doubtful points, when I came along with my remonstrances, there were the most subtle arguments filed and ready for use on me. I was losing grip on my convictions every day. The only escape was to turn and run, as I have."

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Inside the line of the indistinctly moral and the distinctly vulgar flits another press will-o'-the-wisp—bad taste. To avoid this latter—as for the acquirement of cultivated English—there is no written law. Intuition alone can be relied on, and the most grievous intuitive slips seem to-day to lie in the direction of personalities and interviews. As one of the public, the Spectator is bound to confess that, while he has a certain legitimate curiosity concerning the ways and manners of the gods of the earth, he has as well a sneaking illegitimate curiosity, and is prone to clap his eye to the peep-hole pricked by the inexcusable pen of a gossipy reporter. At the same time he has the grace to be ashamed of his weakness, and would certainly never prick a hole of his own. The plea of the press, that the man who scorns to prick his own hole is still paying to have others do that "dirty work" for him, is not without its foundation.

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When there is plenty of absolutely legitimate data in the lives of these gods of the earth for all who run to read—data that the public has a proper right to know—the Spectator would like to ask why the illegitimate should be used at all. The use of the material illegitimate seemed to have its first birth in dignified biography when Froude held up Carlyle to the world. Carlyle was dead, to be sure, but many of those involved were living. It was a new departure, this subordinating respect of persons to history, Cæsar to Rome. The example has had a wide influence, and borne its fruits good and bad. Good, in that partial biographers are no longer tolerated; bad, in the rending of bandages from half-healed sores. To-day the lives of great men—alive or dead—are treated as the personal property of the public, and, strange to say, though the peep-hole form of interviewing lies largely in the will of the individual interviewer, it would seem that the fault may also lie at the door of the interviewed.

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"I assure you," said a perplexed quill-driver to the Spectator, "the men who can be trusted *to be interviewed* are less numerous than trusty interviewers. There are two sides to every question, and the interviewer has not yet been heard from." "What is his side?" asked the Spectator. "If you remember the story of the clever rogue who escaped justice for years and was finally traced because his vanity led him into a photographer's gallery, you will begin to see the difficulties of the interviewer's position. He is, after all, a kind of moral photographer. No one but interviewers and photographers realize how curiously and individually their subjects sit for them. Some do submit to both ordeals with genuine shrinking; to others, again, it is as a fascinating flattery of their personal vanity, and they are as thoroughly betrayed by the process as was the rogue. I believe," the discouraged worker went on, "that there are men who love their offspring solely because they are reproductions of themselves. I know interviewers who protect their subjects exactly as the photographer touches up his plate, taking out a too visible blemish here and an ugly line there." "And you think personal vanity at the root of most of these self-disclosures?" asked the Spectator. "Not always. Sometimes the subject is so genuinely anxious to cover up certain details that he or she flutters about a secret like a partridge, thus disclosing its nest."

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"On the other hand," the Spectator urged, "in this day of no letter-writing worthy of the name, and no diaries to speak of, what should we do without this crystallized means of preserving the personalities we owe to posterity?" (A few days previously the Spectator had attacked an editor upon the vividness of his personal column, and this had been his virtuous reply; so the Spectator knew that he was safe in using it.) The quill-driver seemed impressed. "All you say is quite true, applied to the best work," he answered. "That's just the trouble. Some interviews are so valuable and permanent that they legitimize all the others. But I tell you again, the sympathy now lavished on the 'persecuted interviewed' will shift in part to the interviewer when he is finally heard from. I don't deny he is too often unscrupulous, nor that he has developed a habit of intruding his own history into the story he has to tell—as if the reader cares a pin how a waiter meets him at the door, or how he makes his way into the sanctum—but I do maintain that his lines are cast in stony places. Fancy yourself, for instance, now sitting opposite me with recording intentions, and finding me feeding to you not in the least what you or my Maker know me to be, not even what I know myself to be, but what I want the world to think I am. The determination may be unconscious, but it is no less determined for that; and this is but one of the many blank walls against which the poor interviewer continually beats. Do you wonder he often grows callous and vulgar in treatment? An interviewer should possess the pen of an angel for delicacy, and the self-restraint of a Moses. Even so he cannot always escape calumny.

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The Home

The Season of Weakness

Summer, for many reasons, deserves the term of the "silly season." Conscience seems to relax its authority, and we read without scruple the vapid novel. The novel whose morals are doubtful, but whose manners without question we term bad, sells rapidly during this season of high temperature. It would be interesting to collect data regarding the sales of a certain class of novels and to compare the sales at different states of the temperature. The results might be of value to the sociologist.

The world of society amuses itself without excuse in ways not far removed from what the world of serious men term "silly." And less favored mortals not rarely use the income of the year to cover the expense of a trip amid unknown people, and pose for what they are not.

The social lines drawn in summer communities, where snobbishness is classified as exclusiveness, and people whose differences are only those of complexion and cut and cost of clothes draw back from each other in the belief that they represent separate classes, form a crowning proof that summer brings the froth of mind to the surface. One of the first lessons learned by a man of spiritual intelligence is that the extravagance of ignoring another soul is a luxury he cannot afford. To recognize another traveler through this world is a small courtesy; to ignore him is to deprive one's self of the possibility of profiting by either his ignorance or his knowledge, to lose the opportunity of nurturing one's mind. To open one's heart to another should be a rite coming only after many experiences together. To open one's mind to another is but following the example of the flower that nourishes itself, propagates its kind, and beautifies the earth by its receptivity to the dew and the pollen that fall upon it, not caring what messenger brings it.

Mount Holyoke College[1]

By Katharine Shepherd Woodward

Mount Holyoke College may be called both the oldest and the youngest of the colleges for women; in other words, the history of the College is short, but that of the Seminary from which it has recently evolved is long and honorable. Founded in 1837 by Mary Lyon, whose name should rank among those of the world's great educators, Mount Holyoke Seminary continued for fifty years to be a remarkable factor in women's education; even in its earliest days, and in the face of intensest opposition, doing work of which its graduates may well be proud. But it had no power of conferring degrees till the expiration of its fiftieth year, when, at the earnest desire of many of its alumnæ, it was incorporated as a college, in 1887.

At that time it was not deemed best to do away at once with the Seminary course, but that was retained and the new charter was granted to Mount Holyoke Seminary *and College;* but by January, 1893, so great had been the ambition of the students that every one had worked into the college course; the Seminary course was perforce abandoned, and a new charter was granted, under the name Mount Holyoke College.

To understand the distinctive features of this youngest of the colleges, we must find its prophecy in its history, and examine the policy and aims of the Seminary, so long unique among girls' schools.

In 1837 Miss Lyon declared that her aim was "to train young women to the greatest usefulness, and put within reach of students of moderate means such opportunities that none can find better ones." In 1887, fifty years after, the biographer of the Seminary, in her most interesting work, claims for the school the same aims: to equip girls for the greatest usefulness by means of thorough mental training and careful religious culture; and to put education within reach of those of moderate means.

Both aims of the founder have been more than realized; for probably no women have done more useful work in the world than have the alumnæ of Mount Holyoke: and for nearly half a century, at least, the Seminary offered advantages which could be obtained nowhere else for the same money. For sixteen years the price of board and tuition was sixty dollars a year; and not until recently have the terms exceeded one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year. Numberless institutions, modeled either exactly or with more or less modification on the plan of the mother school, have made its name famous in this and other countries; and Wellesley College was founded by Mr. Durant, a trustee and ardent admirer of the Seminary, with the avowed purpose of making "another Mount Holyoke, modified only in unessential particulars."

Mount Holyoke Seminary was always remarkable for the thoroughness of its mental discipline and the intensity of its religious life; with such a historical background, the new college will be false to its traditions if it does not stand for a broad and evenly developed intellectual growth, a lofty ideal of womanhood, and a religious life that shall teach as its foundation principle personal consecration to the service of Christ.

To those who believe in undisturbed seclusion for students Mount Holyoke College is an ideal spot, for it is "far from the madding crowd," in the quietest of quiet and remote country villages—South Hadley, Massachusetts. A stage-drive of a few miles over the hills, from Holyoke or Smith's Ferry, brings one to the college, an ancient brick building with wide verandas. It is plain to severity within and without, but its extensive grounds and the loveliness of the views from its windows atone for the lack of architectural beauty. Behind the college buildings stretch long avenues of maples sloping down to a picturesque little pond, beyond which the ground rises again in Goodnow Park—a hill belonging to the college grounds and commanding fine views of the Holyoke Range.

The main building, which combines bedrooms, parlors, recitation-halls, and assembly-rooms, accommodates about three hundred students and forty teachers and assistants. The library is connected with this, and there are besides two handsome scientific buildings, modern in construction and finely equipped, an observatory, a music building, and two cottages used as dormitories.

Probably no feature of Mount Holyoke life has been more misunderstood than what is known as the "domestic system." While the College endures, there will probably be those who believe that it offers a systematic course in housework. Nothing can be further from the truth. The domestic system, as inaugurated by Miss Lyon and as carried on in the College to-day, is not intended to teach housework, but to lessen expenses, furnish beneficial exercise, and to cultivate a spirit of helpfulness. "It is not part of the design of the Seminary," said Miss Lyon, "to teach housework. However important this part of a woman's education, a literary institution is not the place to learn it, . . . and if dollars and cents alone were concerned we should drop it at once. The system helps to cultivate a sense of obligation and gratitude. In their domestic duties the young ladies daily find many occasions for exercising a generous and self-denying spirit whose influence will be felt throughout life." That Miss Lyon's strong sense was not at fault may be seen in the fact that the domestic system, modified in some degree, has been retained for fifty-five years. The work required of each student daily occupies a little less than an hour, and apparently is by no means distasteful. Whatever its effect upon the character, it is most certainly true that one would seek far to find more reliable, womanly, thoroughly helpful, and unselfish girls than are to be found in Mount Holyoke

[1] Articles in this series will be found in The Outlook of June 23, July 7, July 28, August 4, and August 18, on Bryn Mawr, Women at Chicago University, Wellesley, Smith, and Vassar, respectively.

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College. But, as each girl does for months in succession her special task, it is impossible for her to learn general housework in a four years' course.

Probably no school has ever had more loyal alumnæ, and the traditions of the Seminary have been jealously guarded. This has been the more easily possible by reason of the policy which decreed that its teachers should be chosen only from its own graduates—a policy that was maintained, with but few exceptions, till within very recent years. With the evolution of the College this rule has become null and void, and of the thirty-seven names on the resident Faculty about one-third are graduates of other institutions. All the teachers, except some of those in the new music school, are women.

For many years the Seminary retained the rigid system of rules which characterized the schools of the olden time; but in its evolution it has done away with boarding-school restrictions and given to its students the freedom and self-government which college students require and demand. The old reporting system is no more; "hall exercise" is a thing of the past; and though attendance at morning service on Sundays is required, the number of religious services has been lessened, and the whole religious system placed on a healthy basis. Morbid introspection and spiritual self-consciousness are not encouraged, but naturalness and wholesome soundness in things spiritual urged upon the students. Sunday is "a day of rest and gladness," and no longer a period of repression, heavy-heartedness, and toil.

There are, as at Smith College, three distinct courses leading to a degree—the Classical, Scientific, and Literary, conferring respectively the degrees of A.B., B.S., and B.L. For many years the scientific work has been the specialty at Mount Holyoke, but at present the literary course is the most popular.

Personal influence has been the distinctive feature in Mount Holyoke's policy and power. The small number of students—compared with the numbers in other colleges —the domestic system, conducing to community of interests, the isolation from outside interests or social demands, have thrown teachers and students upon each other and made the connection a very vital one.

With its inheritance of sturdy principles, intellectual and moral, and its background of honorable history and tradition, Mount Holyoke College starts well endowed; and a liberal and progressive policy will doubtless cause its future to "copy fair its past."

Our Experience and the Other's

By Rachel Dunkirk

The first warm days of spring had followed each other until the summer seemed realized in the promise. The city streets grew unbearable, and the green fields, the blue skies, and the dimpled clouds that lay beyond were ever present in imagination. Sunday morning, in spite of the eloquent sermon, the sunlight streaming in the upper part of the church window revealed through it the rough brick walls of the neighboring houses, and constantly drew the thoughts to the outer world where life was throbbing through meadow and wood. As the amen of the benediction fell on the ear, there came a sense of freedom, and soul and body refused any longer the imprisonment endured in the past sunny days. The much-despised trolley ran from the next corner to the green fields, and five cents would enable us to get there. Quickly we passed through the almost silent streets, where drawn shades and closed doors told that trade rested on Sunday. The city park, that pleasure-ground for rich and poor of the city dwellers, though the buds were only showing on tree and shrub, had drawn to it hundreds of workers. We sped on beyond its stone walls, which we could not endure that morning—we must find the fields where the blue sky touched them.

Into the old village we came, passing houses that are historic, now elbowed by the "Queen Annes" in their smart new paint, with gay hammock and reclining chairs on the broad piazza, telling of a generation whose standards differed greatly from those of the staid, dignified, thrifty settler who turned the forest into field and meadow, and whose successors had turned field and meadow into the far more profitable villa and city lots. Passing these evidences of population to the remoter lands where the truck-garden was sturdily fighting the surveyor's chain, the startling cry of the conductor, "All out!" roused us to the limitations that always meet the poor man. We left the car reluctantly, but when once on the ground, the country roads that stretched out on either side, the rolling fields, the lights and shadows made by sun and trees, told us that our wish had been granted—we were in the country. A fussy little building caught our eye, bearing on its side this sign: "Bergen Beach, round trip, five cents." A rickety stage, with horses to match, stood waiting. We inquired, and found that the stage for that unknown part of the country, "Bergen Beach," would leave in five minutes. We climbed in and waited. In fifteen minutes the stage-driver mounted in front, there was a straining at the much-mended harness, which suggested the joints of the bones they failed to cover, a creaking of the stage, and we were off. Could it be possible that forty-five minutes ago we were in the city? Here was an old farm-house with lean-to and stone chimney, with moist brown wagon roadway to the tall gray barn, through the open door of which we saw the horses' tails switching, the hay hanging from the mow, the strutting cock leading his obedient followers, the barrels with their slatted fronts, telling of the new generation that would displace the present ruler. The plowed field, in which the plow still stood in the furrow since Saturday's setting sun, told of a day's work done. The gnarled trees in the old orchards, whose twisted limbs and crowded twigs reminded one of the day when grafting was unknown, added to the sense of remoteness of time and place. Privacy was secured by the hedge of just-budding lilacs.

Low stone fences, moss-covered and broken, bound the road on either side, while grazing cows in a field through which a brook ran made the near-by city a dream.

On we went, each turn of the wheel revealing new evidence of the farming life that almost rubbed elbows with commerce.

At last we reached a road made of oyster-shells which skirted the salt marsh over the bridge that spanned the channel twisting its way, now seen, now lost in the tall grass, but proving its presence by the mast of a sail-boat that seemed to lie on the bosom of the grass meadow. At last we reached the oak woods in which the dogwood was in blossom. The century of fallen leaves made a roadway of velvet. Suddenly we came in sight of the ocean, blue and rippling against the bluer sky.

A low, rambling house with stone chimney, the roof almost touching the ground, with porch protected by wings, appeared.

The knocker on the Dutch door had come from Holland almost two hundred years ago. Indoors, the big open chimney with the iron crane, large enough to make a modern hall bedroom, told of the days when space did not represent a man's life-blood. The rafters overhead still bore the marks of the woodsman's ax. A low sideboard filled one side of the old dining-room now turned into a restaurant. The lawn, broad and sweeping to the sea, with an old orchard reaching to the distant point, was cut into city lots, and bore signs at the corners of avenues and streets. The proprietor of this departed ease and comfort pointed with pride to the site of the new hotel, called attention to the driveway that would surround this new city, to the proposed route of the trolley which would bring the residents of the houses to be built within an hour of the city. We took dinner in the old dining-room in company with the old owners, shutting out all thought of the "boom" that had robbed the old house of its dignity and had defaced its exterior with big signs; then rambled to the sea through the new-laid avenues and streets, and, under the old trees, tried to imagine what we had lost when the old farm fell under the "hustler's" sway. We took

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the old stage back at sunset, rested and grateful that we had seen the old house before improvements had mastered it. That was our experience.

The story of the journey was told.

"Well, we went to see your old farm-house, and of all the horrid journeys it is the worst. The cars were so crowded that a fly could not get in. The lovely road about which you talked was so dusty we nearly smothered; besides, the stage was so full we could not move. There wasn't any dogwood; the ride over the oyster-shell road nearly put my eyes out, it was so glaring; and the old house is horrid. There wasn't any shade, and I don't see how you can endure the place." That was the other's experience.

Picked Up

A ladle with a tube has been invented for taking soup from the pot below the grease-line.

The Farmers' Bulletin No. 19, just issued by the Department of Agriculture, gives the names and methods of application of the most useful of the insecticide agents. The proper use of insecticides, it has been proved, has saved more than fifty per cent. of the crops.

Some idea of the cleanliness of the Japanese can be gained from the fact that between eight and nine hundred bathing establishments are maintained in the city of Tokio; these baths are patronized by at least three hundred people every day. The bath privileges are so cheap that the poorest of the citizens can afford to patronize them.

Some amusing stories are told of acquaintances made remote from home of almost next-door neighbors. The story is told of two New Yorkers who met on shipboard, formed an acquaintance which proved mutually agreeable and which was renewed at many places of meeting in Europe. At last one of them mentioned the name of the street where he lived when at home. The other asked his number, and responded, "Then you're my next-door neighbor but one!" Two ladies met at one of the seashore hotels. They formed an acquaintance which ripened into an intimacy before the summer was over. One day one said to the other, "Is it not singular that we never spoke to each other before?" These women had occupied corresponding seats on opposite aisles in the same church for eight years, and had never bowed when they met. Their children were in the same Sunday-school class.

The Rindge Industrial School at Cambridge, Mass., has substituted the fire drill for military drill. One of the Fire Commissioners, commenting on the change, says:

Instead of theoretical soldiers, Superintendent Ellis is making practical firemen. The modern methods of fire-fighting are sufficiently scientific and exacting to produce as large results, whether physical or disciplinary, as any sought by military drill. He has his forces well organized, officered, and equipped. They operate, in somewhat reduced form perhaps, all the appliances and machinery that are used in large city departments. They throw ladders, connect and run lines of hose, work hand-engines, and respond to their local alarm system with a promptness, enthusiasm, and system worthy of emulation by more veteran organizations. Of course not all these youthful amateurs, or even a very large percentage of them, will become firemen. But the benefits of their drill will remain with them, whatever callings they pursue. Certainly they will have gained what so small a portion of the public has to-day—a clear apprehension of the gravity of fire risks in cities and towns, and intelligent ideas with respect to both prevention and cure.

A party of Laplanders recently passed through New York on their way to Alaska. The United States Government is compelled to maintain postal and courier services in Alaska, and can maintain them only by Eskimo dogs in winter-time. For a long time it has been the hope of our Government to establish some more rapid means of communication and transit between the Pacific coast and the frontiers of Canada. The Alaskan Department of the Board of Education sent a Laplander to Lapland for the purpose of selecting some families to go to Alaska for three years and there introduce the reindeer. The Government owns a number of reindeer, but the Alaskans do not know how to take care of them. It is hoped that the attractions of Alaska will hold the Laplanders in that country. The Laplanders were in their native dress when they arrived in New York. The youngest of the Laplanders was a little baby three months old, who was in a basket like an oyster-basket, with a hood. The appearance of the Laplanders on the streets of New York created a good deal of excitement.

The Vacation Fund

Received since January 1, 1894, and previously acknowledged,	$3,879 38
A. W. R., New York	5 00
Henry Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.	5 00
G. D. F., Bartow Landing, Vt.	15 00
M. O. M., Calais, Me.	2 50
East Orange	2 00
C. B. O.	10 00
Two Sisters, Annapolis	20 00
H. A. W., Pequabuck, Conn.	6 50
"A Working-Girl"	1 00
Helpers' Circle, Morristown.	1 00
A Friend, New Haven, Conn.	20 00
F. S. C., Selkirk-on-Hudson, N. Y.	15 00
J. M. S., Chicago, Il	20 00
A Warm Friend, Burlington, Vt.	2 00
W. L., Cincinnati, O.	1 00
Total	$4,005 38

Please make all checks payable to The Outlook Company.

The Boy's Prisoner

An Ojibway Tale

By Elaine Goodale Eastman

"Father, my father, O take me, too!
My heart is strong, and I hate the Sioux!
Let me count my *coup*[1] as the others do.
I know that I can,
For I'm almost a man!"
Two black eyes heavy with unshed tears
The chieftain sees, and unwillingly hears
A child's beseeching assail his ears.
He leads a party across the snow
To the Thousand Lakes, where full well they know
Is the winter camp of their tribal foe;
A task gigantic as ever yet
The chief's ambition his braves has set.
And now—these children would fain be men!
Thus pleads with the warrior his boy of ten.
"My son" (there's honey on his tongue!),
"I doubt but you are still too young.
The way is hard, the way is long;
Think you those tender limbs are strong?
For should they fail to keep the pace,
No seasoned brave will grant you grace.
Art not of hungry wolves afraid?
The trembling novice must be made
To face the hardest test
Of manhood, with the rest;
And fastings long and perils dread
Are in the path that we must tread."

Undimmed the scornful courage high
That lights the little warrior's eye;
That pygmy form, it seems to swell
With the high thoughts that in it dwell—
He answers eagerly and well:
"The Ojibway should love danger more than food:
Am I a coward to disgrace your blood?
No—if your son indeed survive,
And from the fight return alive,
He'll stand among the braves and wear

[1] The *coup*, or blow, is counted by the Indian upon the body of an enemy.

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An eagle's feather in his hair!
But if beside the way he faint,
These lips shall utter no complaint,
And, dying bravely there without a groan,
My father will not blush to own his son!"

Now the dark chief betrays an inward joy;
The stern lip smiles upon his daring boy;
Yet, ere the pride he feels has wrung consent,
He'll try if fondness make the child relent:
"'Tis bravely said, and, judging by that sign,
Thy trophies may in time outnumber mine.
Yet pause! Thy mother, boy—will she not weep
To lose the son she hoped awhile to keep?"
In childish tones these words unchildlike fall,
A burst of mocking laughter crowning all:
"Surely! the women always cry! But then,
Who stays at home for that? Are we not men?"
With such bold words his cause is won;
And, ere the morrow's wintry sun
Has cast his pallid glow
Above the fields of snow,
An hundred warriors glide into the west—
Unholy shadows, on a secret quest—
And a child's footprints mingle with the rest!

The journey is ended, its hardships passed,
The painful march and the lingering fast,
And the "Mille Lacs'" country is reached at last.
A ragged and foot-sore and hungry crew,
Like wolves the Ojibways close in on the view,
And spy from the hill-tops the homes of the Sioux.
With dark, gaunt faces and gleaming eyes,
And stealthy movements and keen surmise,
They plan for the morrow a bold surprise.
In the grim hour before the dawn—
That dark and cold and torpid hour
When life her lowest ebb has found,
And death asserts his awful power;
When sunk in sleep the village lies,
With senseless ears and sealed eyes,
The hearth-fire dwindled to a spark,
Not even a wakeful cur to mark,
With fretful whine, the crackling snow—
Then rush the Ojibways on their foe!
No sound to give the prompt alarm!
No time to wake! no chance to arm!
So quick, so close, so deadly is the strife,
The startled Sioux may scarce defend his life:
He hears the yell, and straightway feels the knife!
The cloven tent sinks to the snowy plain;
Mother and sleeping babe, without remorse, are slain;
Like shadowy fiends, the invading company
Strike home, then flit from sheltering tree to tree;
And few there be resist, and few are spared to flee!
The gray dawn comes, and stares aghast
Upon the ravished camp. At last
Vengeance is sated. Sack and burn—
There's nothing living left to mourn!
These shapeless forms that strew the blood-stained snow
Are cold and passive now, and cannot know
Where lies a heap of robes, of costly garments rent,
And where the smoldering fragments of a tent.

Beyond the limits for the village set
A solitary lodge is standing yet;
And while each brave would snatch some trophy won,
Thither in haste the chieftain's little son
Has bent his steps, and bursts on hands and knees
Through the low door. What is it that he sees?
What dreadful thing in this weird, early light
Makes him recoil in wonder and affright?
A full-grown warrior, seated in his place,
Turns toward the lad a fixed, impassive face;
His arms are folded, but the mighty spear
Stands upright at his side—his bow is near.
A second's pause, then what a blow
The brave boy deals his powerful foe!
Counts his first "coup," and holds his breath,
Expecting only instant death;
But, finding no resistance, in amaze
Essays a second stroke, and boldly says:
"You are my prisoner!" In a trice the tent
Is full of braves, who all, with one consent,
Leaving unharmed their silent captive, lace
His limbs with thongs, and bear him from the place.

And now the marauders are hastening back,
For dread Retribution is hard on their track!
Though the very last man of the village were slain,
Yet kindred and friends of his kindred remain,
Who will sleep not, nor rest, till the foe be pursued,
And the print of his moccasin dyed with his blood!
Their prisoner is silent—unmoved as a stone.
There's no better man in the party—not one!
The frame of a giant, as stout as his spear!
The face of a warrior who never knew fear!
Yet he humbles his pride, and is dragged through the wild
To grace the triumphant return of a child!

The village is near—what a welcoming then!
The women and children, the boys and the men,
Pour forth from their lodges, and deafen his ears
With their singing and crying, their laughter and jeers;
While the boy, in the arms of his mother held tight,
Makes boast of the captive *he* took in the fight!
At last the prisoner speaks—all throng to hear;
The gaping village lends a curious ear,
When, to the wonderment of old and young,
He tells his tale in the Ojibway tongue:
"Mine enemies—my kindred too
Ye are! My father was a Sioux;
My mother, an Ojibway maid,
Was won by force, and ever said,
If chance should favor the design,
Her much-loved people must be mine.
She sleeps—her words are ne'er forgot!
My two half-brothers love me not;
Upon the eve of yonder fight
We quarreled, and I dreamed that night
My mother stood beside me there
And said the gods had heard her prayer;
Her friends were near—one life alone
They meant to spare—mine was that one!
She bade me take in hand nor bow nor spear,
But yield to whomsoe'er should first appear.
I, coward though it seemed, I bowed to her request;
Passive throughout I sat, with knife and lance in rest;
Thus, by a child, a warrior has been ta'en,
And in your hands, my brothers, I remain."

His speech is ended. Motionless he stands,
Until the generous boy, with eager hands,
Loosens his bonds, and, 'mid loud acclaim,
Hails his tall prisoner by a kindlier name—
"My uncle, you are free!" That name must always stand:
By the chief's son adopted, he's member of their band!

An Honest Boy

The boyhood of Mr. Lincoln, as its many incidents tell us, was full of promise of a noble, upright man. The "Youth's Companion" tells the following story, one of many that prove how distinctly Mr. Lincoln was entitled to the name of "Honest Abe:"

"He was closing the store one evening when a woman called for a half-pound of tea. In the morning he saw from the weight in the scale that he had given her only a quarter of a pound. Leaving everything else, he weighed out the other quarter and carried it to her.

"Another customer paid him six and one-quarter cents more than was his due, and when the store was closed at night he hastened to correct the mistake, although she lived two miles away."

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For the Little People

Selfish and Lend-a-Hand

By Mary F. Butts

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying up and down the land.
On Lend-a-Hand the sunshine smiled,
The wild-flowers bloomed for the happy child,
Birds greeted her from many a tree;
But Selfish said, "No one loves me."

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying home across the land.
Miss Selfish met with trouble and loss—
The weather was bad, the folks were cross;
Lend-a-Hand said, when the journey was o'er,
"I never had such a good time before."

Trink's Chucky

By Katharine Newbold Birdsall

One day, long, long ago, there was a very happy little girl staying with her grandmother in the country. She had such a long name for a short, chubby girl that every one called her "Trink." As Trink's father and mother had gone across the great waters to Europe, she had been left with her grandmother on the farm away back in the country.

In pleasant weather Trink played out-of-doors all the day long. She had no playmates to help her pass the time away; but the birds in the lovely green-leaved trees, the velvet-coated bees buzzing among the flowers, the grasshoppers and toads, and the funny little squirrels with their bushy tails, were all her friends. I really believe that the bees would rather have stung one another than harm a hair of Trink's head.

Trink also possessed a kitten of which she was very fond. It was a Maltese cat, and Trink had given it the original name of "Blue Kitty," on account of its pretty color. But Blue Kitty often wanted to take a nap on those warm summer days. Trink never wanted to sleep in the daytime. The days were short enough without taking time for naps.

One good playfellow of Trink's was Uncle Jack. He was a man, to be sure, but when he had time to spare, no one could be a jollier or better companion. But Uncle Jack was busy at his work in the fields most of the time, for farmers are very busy folk.

One day Uncle Jack went off to hunt, and in the afternoon he came home with something soft and small tucked down in the bottom of his game-bag.

"Trinket," said he, "I'll give you three guesses at what I have in my bag."

"Oh! oh!" cried Trink, patting the outside of the bag, and finding that it held something very soft. "Do tell me what it is, Uncle Jack. Something for me? What color is it? I'm sure I can't guess."

"Well," said her uncle, "you may have it if you can guess what it is. It's about ten inches long, has black hair on its back, sort of a chestnut-red colored breast, thick, short legs, bushy tail, rather flat head, long whiskers, and looks as if it had no neck at all. Now guess."

Trink laughed. "I never heard of such a funny animal. 'Tisn't a cat, is it?"

"Ho!" laughed Uncle Jack. "That would be a funny cat, surely. Two more guesses now."

"A rabbit?" asked Trink.

"Wrong again—one more guess."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Trink, wrinkling her brow as she always did when thinking hard. "*Do* tell me."

So Uncle Jack untied his bag, and, opening it, took out something which looked like a muff.

"I suppose you'll have to have it, even though you didn't guess. Now look," said he; and Trink, bending over, found it had bright little eyes staring up at her. She was afraid to touch it until Uncle Jack laid it in her arms, saying that it wouldn't bite unless she hurt it.

"Oh, how lovely and soft!" exclaimed Trink. "Why, I never saw anything like it. What is it, Uncle Jack, and where did you find it?"

"It's a young woodchuck," explained her uncle. "I shot his mother in the clover-field this morning, and found this little baby trying to get back to his house again. Woodchucks, you know, Trink, dig deep holes in the hills for their houses, slanting them upward so that the water won't run in, and then stay in them all winter, sleeping. When the warm weather comes, they wake and leave their houses to look for food, going back to them to rest and hide. They are very fond of eating my red clover, and I have to shoot them or they would destroy it all. You can tame this little fellow easily, and keep him for a pet."

So Trink gave her new pet as much bread and milk as he would eat, and fixed a basket for him to sleep in. After a few days he became very tame, and Trink taught him many tricks. He would beg just like a dog, sit up on his hind legs, charge, and play hide-and-seek by the hour with his little mistress. She would give him vegetables of all kinds, and clover for a treat once in a while; and when autumn came, Chucky had grown to be quite a large animal. It was funny to see Trink running about with Chucky under one arm and Blue Kitty under the other, but I dare say they all enjoyed it. She was so small and they so large that the little girl was almost hidden.

When the weather commenced to grow chilly, Chucky was not lively at all, and had to be thoroughly warmed before his eyes would shine and he would be his old self again. Woodchucks always retire to their houses to sleep all winter at that time of the year, and he felt, I suppose, that he ought to keep up the habits of his forefathers. At night Trink would put him in the stove-oven after the fire had gone out, and it was just warm enough in there to make Chucky full of fun, and in the morning he would be as bright as a button.

Alas for poor Chucky! One night, before going to bed herself, Trink placed Chucky in the oven and shut the door. Unfortunately for the little animal, cook made a hot fire in the stove early the next morning before Trink was dressed, and never thought of poor Chucky. When he was taken out he was baked too much, and he never came to life again.

Trink shed buckets full of tears over his untimely death, but she was comforted after a while by the hope that Uncle Jack would some day find another in his clover-field.

To this day (and Trink is grown up now) Uncle Jack has never brought her another woodchuck; and I ought to know, for I used to be Trink.

The Hill of Gold

The ragged rail Fence just loafed along
In a leisurely, zigzag line,
Down the side of the Hill, and wandered out
To the murmuring slopes of pine.

And I had only to climb the Fence,
Or go through a crumbling gap,
To let gold spill down out of my arms,
And overflow from my lap.

And the Fence never cared a single bit,
For all it was there to guard,
And I might have doubled my golden spoils,
Untroubled of watch or ward.

A careless old Fence, and yet the Hill
Broke splendidly on the eyes—
Gold clear out to the west, my dear,
And gold clear up to the skies!

And you needn't say, "Oh, it's a fairy tale!"
With that odd little scornful nod,
For it happens to be our own East Hill
Grown over with goldenrod.

—*Youth's Companion.*

A Grateful Dog

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller tells the following story of a collie dog in her book, "Our Home Pets." Mrs. Miller thinks that collies make the most attractive house-dogs, because of their intelligence. The dog in this story was not only intelligent, but grateful:

"The dog was a great pet in the family of a Colonial soldier, and was particularly noted for his antipathy to Indians, whom he delighted to track. On one campaign against the French the dog insisted on accompanying his master, although his feet were in a terrible condition from having been frozen the preceding winter. During the fight which ended in the famous Braddock defeat, the collie was beside his beloved master; but when it was over they had become separated, and the soldier, concluding his pet had been killed, went home without him. Some weeks later, however, the dog appeared in his old home, separated from the battle-field by many miles and thick forests. He was tired and worn, but over his sore feet were fastened neat moccasins, showing that he had been among Indians who had been kind to him. Moreover, he soon showed that he had changed his mind about his former foe, for neither bribes nor threats could ever again induce him to track an Indian. His generous nature could not forget a kindness, even to please those he loved enough to seek under so great difficulties."

What the Winds Say

What does the South wind say
On a holiday?
It says: "Come out with me;
I'll chase you 'round the tree,
And toss your pretty curl;
Come out, my little girl!"

List what the West wind says
On the holiday.
It says: "My little man,
Just catch me if you can;
I'll hide behind the tree,
As still as still can be!"

Can't you hear the North wind say
On a holiday—
"See the tall oak, as I come,
Toss its arms in jolly fun;
And the brown leaves whisk in glee,
Scat'ring off right merrily"?

Often doth an East wind say
On a holiday,
"Stay indoors, my child, and play,
For I send the rain to-day;
Storm or sunshine, all is well.
Everything God's love doth tell."

—*Child Garden.*

Some Feathered Friends

A pretty story is told of some birds in Boston. Some small birds had been attacked by some larger birds in the Common. One of the birds was so injured that he was too weak to move, and lay sprawled out on the column of a building on the edge of the Common. Some of his companions held what was evidently a consultation, and decided that the first thing to do was to feed the injured bird. Three of them started off, and returned in a short time with a supply of crumbs which they carefully fed him. This gave the little bird strength, and he got up on his feet, but could not stand. Another consultation was held, and they decided that the bird must be moved. They caught him in their beaks and attempted to fly. They got the sufferer up a little way, but could not carry him; he fell and did not move. The little feathered friends watched him a few minutes, and then flew sorrowfully away.

Mowing Under Water

Grass has grown so thick on the bottom of one of the canals that men are mowing it. The mowing-machine is attached to a scow that is towed through the canal, and is managed by two men. Tons of grass float to the top of the water.

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Sunday Afternoon

For the Life that Now Is [1]

By Lyman Abbott

Whoso findeth me findeth life.—Proverbs viii., 35.

The figure is Wisdom personified. Whoso findeth *Wisdom* findeth life.

The verse is taken from what is known as the wisdom literature of the Old Testament. This literature might in some respects be compared to that of the modern ethical school. It does not, indeed, deny that God can be known; on the contrary, it recognizes God. It does not deny that immortality can be certainly affirmed, though it has little, if anything, to say respecting immortality; but it treats life from the point of view of one who only takes in the horizon of the present life; and whether it considers the problem of sorrow, as does the Book of Job, or the problem of domestic life, as does the Song of Songs, or the perplexity and problem of life, as does Ecclesiastes, or consists of a series of aphorisms respecting moral conduct, as does the Book of Proverbs, it deals with life from the point of view of one who is only taking into account the present horizon. From that point of view the writer of this verse affirms that wisdom is necessary to life, or that, as we should say, religion is necessary to the best living. It is not something to prepare us for another life when this life has gone by. It is that, but it is more than that. Whoso findeth wisdom findeth life.

This suggests, then, the topic on which I wish to speak to you this morning: the relation which religion, so called, has to the practical life of every man in this present sphere.

And let me take as the definition of wisdom Paul's: Faith, hope, love. For wisdom and knowledge are not identical. Knowledge is acquisition; wisdom is power. That they are not identical is evident from a very simple consideration. You sometimes speak of a learned fool, but you never speak of a wise fool—that is a contradiction in terms. A man may be learned and foolish, but he cannot be wise and foolish. A learned man is one who simply possesses; but a wise man is one who knows how to apply that which he possesses, be it little or much, to the practical affairs of life. The declaration, then, is this: The spirit of reverence and of obedience, the spirit that looks up to God and takes God into life, the spirit that sees the divine in life, the spirit of faith which sees the Infinite, of hope which looks forward to the future, and of love which looks on others as well as on one's self—this spirit is a help in the practical affairs of life. A man that is without it is impoverished for present living.

Let us, then, this morning, consider the relation which faith, hope, and love have to practical life; and for this purpose let me take practical life up in some of its special aspects; as, the scientific, the commercial, the legal, the ministerial. I do not need to discuss it in its relation to the home, for the most irreligious men generally want religious wives, and the most irreligious fathers want religious children.

In the first place, then, for the best prosecution of science the spirit of faith and hope and love is essential. For what are we doing in material science? We are not merely gathering together the phenomena of the globe; we are classifying them, we are seeking to see what these phenomena mean, we are looking behind them to understand their significance, we are correlating them, interpreting them, trying to see what are their intellectual relations; that is to say, we are really recognizing that there are intellectual relations, recognizing the truth that there is a unity lying behind all the diversity of phenomena. The old polytheist did not recognize a universe. There were to him as many gods as there were phenomena: a god of the sea, a god of the clouds, a god of the air, a god of the trees, a god of the mountains; each separate phenomenon had a separate god; there was no unity. The old pagans did not believe in a universe—they believed in variety; they did not believe in unity in variety. The very essence of science is this: the search for the unity that lies back of all the variety, the search for the intellectual relationships which bind all these phenomena together.

The scientist, then, must have faith. He may say, I do not know whether there is a God; he may say, I do not believe in a personal God; but he cannot be a true scientist unless he sees the one behind the many. He may call that one Force, or Law, or Life, or Nature, or God, but he must believe that there is one behind the many; he must have the power of vision to see something more than the mere external phenomena, or he is no scientist. And he must be inspired with a hope that will enable him to believe the world can find out what is the significance of these phenomena; he must have his face toward the future, not toward the past. A traditionalist never can be a scientific man; he must expect to do more in the next century than was done in this; he must expect the world will accomplish next week more than last week. And, inspired by faith—that is, the power of vision which sees some reality behind the appearance of things; and inspired by hope—that is, by an expectation to accomplish more in the future than has been accomplished in the past, he must also have in him the spirit of love—that is, he must study to see how the various forces of nature, so called, can be made to help mankind. The whole progress of scientific discovery, exploration, and endeavor has been just this—an endeavor to understand the functions of nature, and then to utilize those functions for mankind. The man who studies the natural forces in order that he may get out a patent is not a scientist; the man who studies in a spirit of private curiosity, not caring whether anything practical comes of it, is not a scientist; and the man who merely records the transient phenomena without trying to see what they mean is not a scientist. No man has the really scientific spirit unless he has the spirit of vision that sees behind the phenomena the hidden reality; and the spirit of hope—expecting to accomplish more in the future than has been accomplished in the past; and the spirit of love—endeavoring by means of natural forces to make the world wiser and better and stronger than it has been. Nature is great, but man is greater; the stars are great, but the man that measures them, and weighs them, and traces their unseen paths in the heavens is greater; the ocean is great, but the man who learns how to build a steamer that plows its way across the trackless deep, leaving no track behind, and yet making its way from continent to continent, and conquering wind and tide and storm, and making the ocean itself his minister, is greater; the thunderbolt in the heavens is great, but man, who reaches up and harnesses it, and makes it illuminate the church and draw the trolley-cars, is greater. And he is greater why? Because he has in him the vision that sees the meaning of the lightning, and the hope that enables him to believe that he can dominate the natural forces, and the love that makes him desire to make the world prosperous through material civilization. Take those three elements out, and the heart of science would be gone, and only a skeleton would be left.

The scientist takes up a particular branch of science. He becomes a doctor. There is a very general impression that the medical profession are not religious. There is a very general impression that doctors are naturally materialists. But I venture to affirm that no man can render the highest service of the physician unless he has this wisdom of faith and hope and love. I do not say unless he is a Congregationalist, or a Roman Catholic; I do not say unless he accepts the Saratoga Presbyterian General Assembly or repudiates it; I do not say unless he accepts some particular creed; but unless there is in him the spirit of faith and hope and love, he cannot render the highest work as a physician. What is a physician for?—what is he doing in life? He is fighting to save men from death; to keep life alive. Pluck out of his heart the faith that life is worth living, and you pluck out of his heart the very motive power of his profession. Pluck out of him the faith that there are laws of nature

[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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and of humanity, and he is an empiric and a quack. He must have the faith that sees the unity, the law, the divine reality, call it what he may, behind the phenomena; and he must have the faith that sees this divineness in man. For he must think that man is worth saving, or he can have no enthusiasm in his profession. You and I do not want a misanthrope or a cynic in our sick-room. We want him to have a faith in us at all events, whatever he may think of other men, and a hope that makes him think we are worth saving, and a love that makes him patient as a nurse to bear with us in the infirmities of our sickness; and if he cannot bring this medicine into the sick-room, no skill that he can bring makes him a successful doctor.

Men are bound together in great industrial and commercial relationships; and as civilization goes on, and life grows richer and larger, they are more and more bound together. Independence is the condition of the savage state: interdependence is the condition of the civilized state. And so there grows up the great industrial and commercial organization. One man drops the seed in the furrow, another man grinds it into flour, the third man carries it across the continent, the fourth man sells it in the market, the fifth mixes it and bakes it into bread, and the sixth furnishes the currency by means of which all this intricate and complicated transaction is carried on. Abolish this machinery, disarrange it, what happens? Just what is happening to-day in America. Trade is represented in certain quarters as a horrible, remorseless competition—men struggling each to get the most he can out of the common heap. Now, I do not deny that there is a great deal of barbarism left in Christian communities. But this is not the true commercial spirit; it is the uncommercial spirit; it is the spirit of Turkey; it is not the spirit of civilization, it is the spirit of barbarism. What there is of it in America is a relic of barbarism that Christianity has not yet gotten out of the community. The function of commerce and trade, of the farmer and the miller and the railroad and the baker and the banker and the broker—the function of all these various men linked together in this intricate system is, by combination and co-operation, to help one another in the material life, that the spiritual life may also be helped and promoted. Five thousand men, besides women and children, were hungry, after listening all day to Christ's preaching; and the question came, What should be done with them? There were only five loaves and two small fishes. It would have been easy for that boy, who had a monopoly of the provisions, to make something out of his "corner." But that was not Christ's method; he organized, but he organized for the purpose of distribution; and the problem before him was, How shall these men and women be provided with food, that they may be prepared for to-morrow's spiritual ministry? That organization of the twelve disciples to take that little and so carry it that it should feed many was Christ's parable of civilization, the Christian figure of the industrial, the social, the economic organization of society. The problem of the merchant is to feed the most, not the least; the problem of the railroad is to distribute most widely, not most narrowly. And the more society is civilized and the larger the civilization, the more generous, the more liberal, the more equitable that distribution becomes. So it is true that you can almost measure the progress of Christianity by the progress with which, not the accumulation, but the diffusion and distribution, of wealth have taken place. At the heart of our great commercial and industrial system is a faith and a hope and, above all, a love. It is God's way of enabling us better to serve one another.

Men are brought together in closer and more vital relations than the commercial and industrial. There are not merely sixty millions of individuals living in the United States; there is a great corporate body which has its laws, its corporate will; a Nation which sees, which thinks, which reasons, which judges, which determines. And this relationship which holds men together, and makes us a city, a State, a Nation, is wrought out by lawyers and judges and statesmen. These also need faith and hope and love. We do not make laws, as I have often said in this pulpit—we find them. God is the only lawmaker. It is not true that the king can do no wrong; neither is it true that the majority can do no wrong. There are eternal laws of righteousness which bind men and women together, and no man is a statesman who does not recognize the reality of these eternal laws, as the scientist recognizes the physical laws that bind the material universe together. It is the function of the lawyer and the statesman to learn what are the great divine laws of society, and incorporate them in society, and shape the life of the nation according to those laws. This always makes the great statesman, and distinguishes him from the politician; the statesman sees the divine law and hopes to work it into the nation, because he desires the greatest happiness and the greatest welfare of the greatest number. The man who cares only for his own welfare, or even the welfare of his party—he is no statesman; the man who wishes that the nation might be a righteous nation, but thinks it impossible and gives it up—he is no statesman; the man who thinks greatness is to be achieved by temporizing expediencies, by bartering with evil—he is no statesman; for statecraft is seeing the invisible and the eternal law, and endeavoring to realize it, because in its realization the welfare of the whole nation is subserved and accomplished. What we need for the redemption of American politics is more religion; that is, more faith in the eternal truths, more hope for humanity, more love for the race.

It might seem strange that I should ask the question whether religion is necessary to the ministry or not. And yet there is a great deal of mechanism in the Christian churches—men who think that what is necessary for the pulpit is, not a vital faith, not a ministry that sees a living God who walks in the nineteenth century, but a ministry that has discovered in the rocks some footprints of a God who walked there eighteen centuries ago; not a man who has hope for human kind and believes that there is a real divinity in men, but a ministry that thinks that the great proportion of the human race are going down to perdition and only a few here and there can be saved from the wreck; not a ministry that believes that God is love, and that there is no justice in God that is not love, but rather a ministry that believes that God is justice and that there is no love in God which is inconsistent with man's ideas of justice. And so it is necessary to say that for the work of the Gospel ministry the spirit of faith and hope and love is essential; that the minister of the nineteenth century must be as truly a prophet as the minister of the first. I do not say the same kind of prophet; I do not say with the same kind of authority; but I say as truly a prophet. The minister of the nineteenth century must be as truly a man who sees the invisible and the eternal directly and immediately, and who is to prophesy according to the proportion of his faith. What the Church needs to-day is not more money, more buildings, more culture, more rhetoric, more elocution; nor does the Church need to day more creeds, more dogmas, more doctrine, more orthodoxy. What the Church needs to-day is more religion—more faith and hope and love, more of the spirit that sees the invisible and the eternal, more faith in man because man is God's child, and more of the love that is glad to step down and take up the cross, and to be crucified on it, for the sake of mankind. Wherever this spirit of faith and hope and love is in the Church, its pews are not empty; wherever this spirit of faith and hope and love finds powerful expression in the pulpit, the preacher is not without a congregation. Science will change, and we shall wonder at the forms in which we have arranged the alphabet of material things; human laws will disappear, and we shall look back upon them and see how crooked representations they were of the divine law in our poor mirror; the doctrines and the dogmas of the Church will disappear, and we shall wonder at our definitions of the infinite; but the spirit of faith which sees the invisible and the eternal, and the spirit of hope which presses forward toward the future, forgetting the things that are past, and the spirit of love which reaches out with larger and larger arms to embrace all men, and, finally, all the universe of God—this will grow and grow when the horizon of earth has disappeared and all has gone

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to ashes. But, here and now, pilgrims and strangers in this desert, we cannot live our life aright save as in us there is the wisdom of a clear-seeing faith, an inspiring hope, and an all-comprehending love.

The Life of Christ

XI.—"Elements of Hostility to Jesus"[1]

By Lyman Abbott

It is a great mistake to suppose that Jesus's ministry was at its commencement one of unhindered popularity. If, as I believe to be the case, he began his public ministry with the expulsion of the traders from the Temple, his life was from the very beginning one of conflict with a bitterly hostile and powerful faction. The Scripture recommended for to-day and for next Sunday suggests some of the special criticisms which this faction brought against him. So far as past sin was concerned, he seems to have uniformly ignored the sacrificial system of the Jewish people. Upon their repentance he pronounced the penitents forgiven without ever requiring them to make any sin-offering for the past. Of course he was accused of blasphemous assumption in thus claiming to forgive sins without any ceremonial and priestly atonement for them. He called his disciples not merely from the peasant class, not merely from those ignorant of Jewish theology and tradition, but also from the publicans, that is, the tax-gatherers, and they had been morally as well as ceremonially unclean. He not only preached to the poorest, the lowest, and the most outcast, but he accepted their invitations and sat down to eat with them. No wonder that he was accused of ignoring social distinctions, and even of disregarding the moral law. He simply and quietly ignored many, if not most, of the ceremonial regulations upon which the Jewish religious teachers laid so much stress. He ate with unwashed hands—that is, with hands that were ceremonially unclean. Neither he nor his disciples paid any attention to the fasts which Jewish tradition had prescribed, and which were regarded as at once the test and the sign of piety. And he used himself, and recommended to others, a liberty on the Sabbath day which seemed to the Pharisees utterly subversive of the Mosaic law. No wonder that they accused him of setting that law at defiance. But we must look beneath these accusations to get at the real secret of the hostility to Jesus Christ, and in this paper I propose to suggest some of the elements of that hostility which are to be borne in mind by the student in considering the criticisms reported in the second chapter of Mark.

In the first place, then, Christ set himself against the established order in Church and in State. The few were rich, the many poor; the few learned, the many ignorant. He undertook to reverse this condition—to make the many rich, the many wise; and the few who were at the top did not like it then, have not liked it since, and probably will not like it to the end of time. He paid no deference to wealth, and wealth likes to be deferred to; none to wisdom, and wisdom demands deference. Neither wealth nor wisdom seemed to him of any value unless they were used for the enrichment and the enlightenment of others: and the doctrine that wealth and wisdom are valuable only as means for serving the poor and the ignorant is always resented. In brief, Christ led the great democratic movement which has gone through history from that time to this, leveling all institutions that have attempted to withstand the uprising of humanity. He taught that the whole human race is to be redeemed and made worthy to be called the children of God; that man—not the Jew-man, nor the rich man, nor the wise man, nor the well-bred man, but man as man—is to be transformed, educated, enfranchised, enriched, until the whole human race shall be one great brotherhood; and the established order hated him for this teaching.

This established order was intrenched behind and allied with a superstitious conception of religion akin to idolatry. Piety was confounded with temple-worship; religion with reverence for the priesthood; faith with belief in traditional theology. Christ did not, except in defense of his teaching, attack temple-worship, the priestly order, or the traditional theology, for in doing this there was danger that he would seem to be attacking piety, reverence, and faith. But indirectly he attacked this superstitious substitute for religion by teaching explicitly that practical obedience is better than temple sacrifice, that worship of the Father is not confined to the Temple, but is possible in every place, and that, not to reverence a priesthood or obey a tradition, but to do righteously and to love one's neighbor, is religion. All the conventional religionism of that day re-enforced the established order in its hostility to a prophet whom the Scribes doubtless sincerely believed was destroying religion because he was effectually destroying the material symbols with which religion had been so long confounded.

For it is true that Christ did undermine the religious forms of his day. It is impossible to teach men that they have direct access to their heavenly Father without diminishing their reverence for a priest whom they have regarded as an essential mediator; impossible to teach them that practical obedience, not ceremonial observance, is the true test of piety without weakening the hold which the hierarchy has upon them; above all, impossible to teach men to think for themselves without weakening the authority of those who have assumed to do their thinking for them. It has always been the aim, conscious or unconscious, of traditionalism to prevent men from thinking for themselves and to require them to accept ready-made thought forged for them in some other man's mind. Christ's teaching was revolutionary, not so much because he taught traditionalism directly—though he sometimes did that—as because he incited men to think. He flung out aphorisms to them which set them thinking; taught them in parables and riddles and enigmas that compelled them to think. Whenever a prophet comes into the world with this as his fundamental message, that every man is by nature a child of God, and has direct access to his Father, and, being a child of God, has an inalienable right to study life for himself and find out the truth which it has for him, he is counted a dangerous heretic by all those who believe that access to God is the privilege of an aristocratic few, and power to think the power of an aristocratic few. Those who believe that men are children and are to be kept in leading-strings always have risen against such teachers and always will.

To these elements of hostility must be added that race-prejudice which assailed Jesus with mob violence in his first sermon at Nazareth. The two bitterest prejudices of humanity are those of race and those of religion. It would not require more courage to tell a mob of Anarchists in their hall at Chicago that men of wealth were of more worth than themselves, not more courage to commend the virtues of Chinamen to an audience of sand-lotters in San Francisco, not more courage to praise the virtues of the African to an audience of Southern fire-eaters, than it required for Jesus Christ to commend the pagan centurion or the half-pagan Samaritan to an audience of Jews. All that which men often mistake for zeal and for patriotism rose in wrath at this challenge to Jewish narrowness and bigotry.

Race-pride, theological prejudice, superstitious reverence, organized selfishness—these four forces united then, and have co-operated ever since, to withstand the work of Christ in the world. For that work cannot be carried to its completion, and the whole of humanity united in one brotherhood and lifted up into one fellowship with the Father, but that pride will be humiliated, prejudices shamed, superstitious reverence shocked, and organized selfishness disappointed and defeated. To follow Christ is to enlist in the long campaign against these four enemies of human progress.

[1] Bible Study Union Lesson No. 12. International Sunday-School Lesson (Fourth Quarter) No. 4. (October 28.) Mark ii., 1–22.

Let every man ask himself with which of his faculties he can and will somehow influence his age.—*Goethe.*

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Books and Authors

Skeat's Chaucer[1]

The appearance of this complete and scholarly edition of Chaucer is an important event to scholars, and makes fit a somewhat formal recognition of the services which Professor Skeat has rendered in the past twenty years to students of the older English literature. The academic position of Professor Skeat is itself notable from the circumstances of its founding. He is the Elrington and Bosworth Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge, holding the professorship founded in 1878 under an endowment left jointly by Dr. Bosworth and by Mrs. Bosworth, whose family name of Elrington was graciously given preference in the official title of the professorship. The name of Bosworth was then familiar to Anglo-Saxon students. He had edited the "Orosius," the "Anglo-Saxon and Gothic Gospels," and that Anglo-Saxon dictionary which till recently served the need of the Old-English student, and which has since been made the basis of the standard Bosworth-Toller dictionary now in use. Dr. Bosworth, in his lifetime, had held the Anglo-Saxon Professorship at Oxford (now filled by Professor John Earle), and certainly did a graceful as well as a useful act when he founded the professorship in the sister institution.

But, great as were the services of Dr. Bosworth, those of Professor Skeat have been no less important. It is not too much to say that he has done more for the furtherance of the sound study of the older English literature than any contemporaneous English scholar, and more for the sound study of the older English language than any scholar in England, with the possible exceptions of Dr. Murray and Henry Sweet. Professor Skeat has edited so many works that the list is too long for insertion. His "Principles of English Etymology," his "Ælfric's Lives of the Saints," his "Mæso-Gothic Dictionary," his handy "Concise Middle-English Dictionary," and his "Specimens of [fourteenth century] English Literature" are familiar enough to students. But his fame rests chiefly upon his five important works—the edition of the "Gospels in the Anglo-Saxon, Northumbrian, and Mercian Versions, Synoptically Arranged," the "Etymological Dictionary," and the editions of Wycliffe, of Piers Ploughman, and of Chaucer. Four of these important works are addressed rather to the scholar than to the general public: for the Anglo-Saxon Gospels and the Wycliffe Gospels have linguistic rather than special literary or spiritual significance as compared with other versions; the Etymological Dictionary is less frequently in the hands of the general reader than a dictionary which affords information as to present meanings of words; and Piers Ploughman affords but Lenten entertainment to most persons. Chaucer, however, is essentially a poet for the people, and is coming to popular recognition in this generation to a degree most gratifying. Schoolchildren study the "Prologue" and the "Knight's Tale;" Child, Ten Brink, Lounsbury, Kittredge, and a host of German scholars have made investigations and settled problems of literary, linguistic, and metrical construction. The interest is increasing. The three large volumes of Lounsbury's "Studies," issued last year by Harper & Brothers, evinced the interest in Chaucer among students, while they added to the appreciation of him; and the sale of the small Clarendon Press school editions of parts of the "Canterbury Tales" has been enormous.

All this growth of popular interest is most gratifying. It will be increased by the work being done by Professor Skeat in this edition. For we have no hesitation in predicting that this elaborate edition, intended primarily, as would appear, for scholars and special students, will yet do more for ordinary unscholarly persons who read the poems of Chaucer for pleasure in them as literature than it will do even for the special student. It will do this because it gives a complete and an intelligent presentation of the text to the reader who rightly demands that poetry shall be poetical. The scholar has done this, but the general reader will get the greatest benefit. The interdependence of philosophy and literature has never been better demonstrated than in this matter of Chaucer's text. The chief criticisms made upon Chaucer in the past have been two—that he did not write metrically perfect verses, and that he could not spell. Now, any one must admit that these are serious criticisms to make upon a poet. And yet they were perfectly justified when made upon the poetry of Chaucer as it was printed in ordinary editions. The lines could not be made to scan, and the utterly incoherent manner in which the letters were assembled in the words drove readers to amazement, indignation, and despair. There seemed to be no principle underlying the metrical and verbal iniquities. As printed in the ordinary editions which we had on our shelves—the Aldine, Bell, or Morris texts, and the American reprints, all of which texts are in the main reproductions of Tyrwhitt's edition—many words were neither antique nor modern, and many lines were neither poetry nor prose. And the various modernized editions were usually successful only in avoiding the difficulties of the original while effacing every vestige of its charm.

But modern scholarship has given back to us the graceful verse of Chaucer, and this edition by Professor Skeat will gather up the work of the Chaucer students of the thirty years just passed. Chaucer wrote at the period when the old inflectional terminations were weakening into a final *e*, sounded or not sounded in pronunciation as grammatical considerations dictated in each particular class of forms. This passing stage of language-history is embodied in Chaucer's verse. With great dexterity and metrical skill Chaucer harmonized the conflicting demands of verse and grammar, and framed the most musical and symmetrical lines ever written by any of the older English poets. But this particular stage of grammatical evolution passed; the particular system of terminations used by Chaucer passed; the scribes lost the sense of the harmony of grammar and of scansion; the editors besprinkled the apparently deficient lines with *e*'s borrowed from lines more abundantly supplied; and each new edition made the last state of the verses worse than any former one. To Professor Child, of Harvard, is due the credit for the first scholarly study of the real versification of Chaucer. His first work was done thirty years ago. A little later Furnivall edited for the Chaucer Society the texts of the six best manuscripts of the Canterbury Tales. Then followed minute studies of special problems and critical editions of portions of the poems. Now, in this complete form, Professor Skeat embodies the results of all these studies and of his own investigations in the text. The poems of Chaucer can be read as poetry, and the work of the philological investigator has its justification in the aid it gives to the appreciation of the reader of literature.

This edition will be completed in six volumes. In it the poems are arranged substantially in the chronological order of production, though certain small bits of poetry written in Chaucer's later years are grouped for convenience with the earlier minor poems in the first volume. Besides these minor poems the first two volumes contain the translation, partly by Chaucer, of the "Romaunt of the Rose," the translation of "Boethius," and the "Troilus of Creseyde." In the third volume will be the "House of Fame," the "Legend of Good Women," and the "Treatise on the Astrolabe;" in the fourth will be the "Canterbury Tales" complete. The fifth volume will contain the commentary on the "Canterbury Tales;" and the sixth, a glossarial index and an index of names. To accompany these texts there is much critical apparatus, much assistance in the form of introductions to the various texts, and in the first volume a most careful and, in the main, cautious life of Chaucer. Altogether the edition is an important one, indispensable to the teacher, and exceedingly useful for any reader. True scholarship has no jealousies. An Oxford Don founds a professorship at Cambridge, and especially significant work done at three other universities—Harvard, Strassburg, and Yale—has helped to

[1] *The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer.* Edited from numerous Manuscripts, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D., M.A., Elrington and Bosworth Professor of Anglo-Saxon and Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. Clarendon Press, Oxford; Macmillan & Co., New York. Vols. I. and II. [To be completed in six volumes.]

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make possible this Cambridge edition. If the legacy of Dr. Bosworth had had no other fruitage than the giving aid to the completion of this work, it would have been more than justified.

Following Mr. Hervey's excellent volume on French Masters comes a similarly bound and printed book on *Masters of Contemporary German Music*, by J. A. Fuller Maitland (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). The leader of contemporary masters in Germany is, of course, Johannes Brahms, and there is none too much space given to the portrayal of his life and work. Between the latter and Browning's poetry a clever analogy is drawn. With both the thought is the paramount thing, its expression an infinitely secondary matter. Max Bruch is placed midway between Brahms and other German composers. Let it be said, in all justice to the author, that both intervals are made wide. In the career of each of these masters we see the benefits accruing to artists from the maintenance of the petty German courts. If Brahms had not been Kapellmeister to the Prince of Lippe-Detmold, and if Bruch had not held a similar post under the Prince of Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen—fairly lucrative and secure occupations, along with opportunities to develop their powers—the art-world would have been distinctly poorer. Karl Goldmark is next taken up, and an interesting account is given of his Mendelssohn fever, with which racial instinct may have had something to do, and of his later Wagnerian period. We are furthermore told that the dramatic method of his "Merlin" shows as much advance upon his "Queen of Sheba" as the style of "Parsifal" does on that of "Lohengrin." Next comes Josef Rheinberger, and with his solemn organ-fugues there is a return to a Bach-influenced classicality. Kirchner, whose music is modeled on Schumann's; Reinecke, whose work is inspired by Mendelssohn, and Bargiel, a far more perfunctory musician than the others, occupy one chapter. This is followed by a still more interesting one on the two living composers who are also illustrious instrumental performers—namely, Joachim and Clara Schumann. Herzogenberg, Hofmann, Bruckner, and Draeseke are the "Little Masters," and, according to our author, the "coming man" may be found among four names—Nicodé, Sommer, Kistler, or Richard Strauss. An increase in the number and quality of the portraits would greatly add to the enjoyment of this timely work.

Men whose speeches and writings have been of such permanent interest as to merit preservation have in some degree written and spoken their own biographies. This was the case with the late Governor Booth, of California; and hence the book introduced and annotated by Mr. Lauren Crane, and called *Newton Booth: His Speeches and Addresses* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), means not only that the voice and pen of the Pacific statesman are still of influence, but also his very personality. Statesman, we say; he was no politician. Never as the aim, but merely as the incident, of life did he accept office. In this book we gain his noble idea of the offices he filled, we have the real account of how matters stood "out West" during the war and since, the position of the Central Pacific Railroad Company and Booth's energy as leader against its aggressions—in short, his course as publicist in California. Almost all is told in his own words, and the editor's work is light, for the ex-Senator's orations, speeches, and lectures are so many self-revelations. As to the facts of his life, he was born in 1825 in Indiana; in 1846 he was graduated from Asbury (now De Pauw) University, and in 1849 was admitted to the bar. The gold-fever was running high then. He went out to California by the Nicaragua route, and engaged in business in Sacramento. As he never speculated in mining stocks, it is not surprising that his mercantile enterprises were successful. In 1862 he was elected State Senator, in 1871 Governor, and in 1873 United States Senator. His must have been a rare character in those earlier days on the Pacific slope—a man of such innate dignity that, in a land where it was the custom to salute roughly, not often did any one dare to greet him other than as "Mr. Booth." The work is well indexed, and is a distinct contribution to the rapidly increasing volumes of American biography.

Whether or not the inspiration of Holy Scripture be still "a theory in solution" is not settled by the late T. George Rooke, in his *Inspiration and Other Lectures*, now posthumously published. President Rooke put forth what he terms "the Comprehensive theory," or the theory of "Sufficient Knowledge," or the theory of "Gracious Purpose," which means that the writers of the books of the sacred canon were enlightened in the sphere of their spiritual consciousness sufficiently to disclose God's gracious purposes to man, and that though "a divine element is present in every part of the book, every part is not equally valuable nor equally authoritative." In order to expound this theory, which the author admits is not free from dangers and difficulties, though he thinks that it is preferable to any other yet formulated, he furnishes a course of lectures on psychology, wherein he explains his theory of the inner nature of man. Dr. Rooke finds in man three spheres—the animal, the rational, and the spiritual. Inspiration is the quickened consciousness in the spiritual sphere which gives insight and intuition into God's nature and grace. A beast must be born again in order to discern things in the rational sphere; so a man must be born again in order to discern things in the spiritual sphere. He quotes with approval Dr. Ladd: "To have a revelation of truth is one and the same thing with having inspired insight. And the divine activity which produces the insight may be called either inspiration or revelation." On the whole, President Rooke, while admitting the active as well as the passive meaning of the Greek word translated "inspired" in 2 Timothy iii., 16, leans to the passive meaning, and holds that Biblical inspiration was special both in kind and degree. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Sonnets and Other Verses, by Mr. George Santayana (Stone & Kimball, Chicago), is a book of poetry. The term is used advisedly. These are not the mere recondite rhymings of the Instructor in Philosophy at Harvard. They are worth reading over and over; they are worth living with and kneading into the bread of life. In short, they have both head and heart worth, and endow the reader with some of their musical and spiritual philosophy. More striking even than the sonnets are these lines entitled "Cape Cod:"

The low sandy beach and the thin scrub pine,
The wide reach of bay and the long sky-line,—
O, I am sick for home!

The salt, salt smell of the thick sea air,
And the smooth round stones that the ebb-tides wear,—
When will the good ship come?

The wretched stumps all charred and burned,
And the deep soft rut where the cart-wheel turned,—
Why is the world so old?

The lapping wave, and the broad gray sky
Where the cawing rooks and the slow gulls fly,—
Where are the dead untold?

The thin, slant willows by the flooded bog,
The huge stranded hulk and the floating log,—
Sorrow with life began!

And among the dark pines, and along the flat shore,
O the wind, and the wind, for evermore!—
What will become of man?

The memory of the late Dr. Benjamin Griffeth is cherished by the members of the Baptist Church, in which he was for many years a diligent and effective worker in all the foremost plans for the extension of that Church and for its realization of the Gospel in good works. Through his family relations he was placed in a position of power and influence which he used as a good steward. His wise counsels in the Publication Society did much to enlarge the usefulness of that great institution and to centralize its forces. *Benjamin Griffeth: Biographical Sketches Contributed by Friends*, edited by Charles H. Banes, A.M., is a happy thought in the way of memorial book-making. There are eighteen chapters, written by as many different hands; this gives variety and liveliness to the volume. These sketches are not so much in the form of eulogies as of appreciative accounts of the periods of the Rev. Dr. Griffeth's life and work, each of them by one who was intimately acquainted with the period which he has undertaken to delineate. (American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.)

It is at least venturesome, to put it mildly, for any poet to take up such a subject as the "Idylls of the King." Prejudice, if not antagonism, is at once excited in all Tennyson-lovers. Hence, *Under King Constantine*, by Katrina Trask (A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York), may meet with a scornful reception. Yet it is a good, if a somewhat "goody-goody," book of verse. The stories of "Sanpeur," "Kathanal," and "Christalan" are told in lines which in their decasyllabic meter attempt to be statuesque and sometimes succeed. The thought is often epigrammatically expressed; it is always vigorously chaste, and is fairly well suited to the archaic Arthurian times and their picturesque glamour. The scenes are laid in that obscure period following the destruction of the famous "Round Table," when, says Sir Thomas Malory in the "Morte d'Arthur," "Sir Constantine, which was Sir Cadors son of Cornewaile, was chosen King of England: and hee was a full noble Knight and worshipfully hee ruled this realm."

The strong, instinctive impulse to confess sins that was brought out in some of the Brontë novels, and which the records of criminology indisputably demonstrate, ought not, as has been

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done by some Protestant churches, be entirely ignored in the consideration of moral theology or ethics. The impulse is general, and it is a fact. What are we going to do about it? This is the question that Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson took up in a tract which he now republishes under the title *Absolution in the Light of Primitive Practice.* (T. Whittaker, New York.) How the ancient exhomologesis, or public confession, altered into auricular confession is a matter clear enough. Of the rite of exhomologesis only prayer-meeting testimony remains, and that is in danger of becoming a snare. The real difficulty is about absolution, and that, upon examination, turns out to be not a strictly sacerdotal power.

The late Professor Pease, of Andover, was of an uncommonly attractive personality, and his early death, which is still mourned by many, is fittingly followed by a volume containing memorial sketches and specimens of his writings in prose and in poetry. This is *The Christian Ministry: Its Present Claim and Attraction, and Other Writings.* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) Professor Pease's talent was from the first distinctly literary; it was natural for him to write. Some of the verse in this volume will plead strongly for high rank in American poetry. He was a wide and careful reader as a student of literary form, and the result of his culture is evident in the few prose pieces in this book. We wish that there could have been more, for there is in them a virginal purity of taste and thought that is rare in these days of decadence.

Dr. M. Kayserling has written an interesting historical study of the element of Judaism in the discovery of America. He shows how far the money and the sympathy of Israelites were given to Columbus in the furtherance of his great project. From this account it appears that had it not been for the Jews Columbus would never have surmounted opposition and obstacles and got access to the royal ear. Professor Charles Gross, of Harvard College, has translated from Dr. Kayserling's manuscript, and, through Longmans, Green & Co., of this city, put forth, this book, *Christopher Columbus and the Participation of the Jews in the Spanish and Portuguese Discoveries.* There is a valuable appendix containing historical documents which throw light upon these matters.

Joanna Traill, Spinster, by Annie A. Holdsworth, is a novel with a purpose, and the purpose is wholesome and inspiring. An old maid takes a waif from the streets and reforms her by loving devotion. There is a pathetic turn to the story which hurts those who prefer poetic justice. It would have been more cheerful if death had not come to Joanna, and she had married Boas, who at length had found out that he loved her. The match would have been perfectly suitable, and we should have been pleased to receive cards. It is always a pity to kill off good people, for it renders some readers discouraged, and others cynical and tempted to rail at Providence. (Charles L. Webster & Co., New York.)

The type of the transition period between Chaucer and Spenser is Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," and as such the work deserves closer study than it has hitherto received, for it is at once a linguistic and a literary monument. The results which have been obtained from a general examination of what has been loosely called the language of Caxton are quite insufficient, says Mr. Charles Sears Baldwin, Tutor in Rhetoric in Columbia College. Hence his book, *The Inflection and Syntax of the Morte d'Arthur: A Study in Fifteenth-Century English* (Ginn & Co., Boston), is destined to be of much service for reference and comparison, both for those engaged on this special period and for all students of English syntax.

Major Joshua, by Francis Forster (Longmans, Green & Co., New York), is a novel of English military and provincial life, written with some cleverness and directness. At first the women of the story believe "it is to people's personal advantage to be entirely selfish." They discard religion and live colorless lives. All this is thought to be "reasonableness." They are offset by four men-characters, two of them devoted Romanists, and the others materialists. The conflict between the two extremes goes on with success for both sides, but the result is happier and higher than might have been expected from such a beginning.

The *Back Country Poems* by Mr. Walter Foss are, most of them, in matter and manner truly from the Back Country. That is not saying, however, that some are not well worth reading; for instance, the sonorous and impressive lines on "Memorial Day," or those, in lighter vein, on a "A Poet at Play." Nevertheless, the majority of these rhymes smack of the evanescence of a country paper's "Poet's Corner." The illustrations are absurd. (Potter Publishing Company, Boston.)

Literary Notes

—Professor Max Müller is preparing for the press a new edition, in four volumes, of his "Chips from a German Workshop." The books have long been out of print.

—It is declared by some students of English history that in "Lord Ormont and His Aminta" Mr. George Meredith has followed in part the history of the great Earl of Peterborough and Anastasia Johnson.

—It is announced that the "Saturday Review," edited by Mr. Walter Pollock, has been sold by Mr. Beresford-Hope to Mr. L. H. Edmunds, a wealthy barrister. Mr. Edmunds says that he will not change the policy of the paper.

—Mr. Julian Ralph has gone to Japan, where he will make studies of the war for "Harper's Weekly" and "Harper's Magazine." He will be met at Yokohama by Mr. C. D. Weldon, the artist, who will co-operate with Mr. Ralph in his new labors.

—It is a curious coincidence that Walter Pater's last publication, "The Child in the House," in containing reminiscences of his own early years, should deal particularly with his first impressions of death. He tells us how the desire of beauty only intensified his fear of death.

—Now that Leconte de Lisle is gone, M. José Maria de Hérédia is the only Academician who may properly lay claim to being such an eternal and never-satisfied polisher of sonnets as was the author of the "Poèmes Barbares"—what a title for any verses by Leconte de Lisle!

—We acknowledge the receipt of a handsomely bound volume of "The Critic" for January–June, 1894. This book contains more reading-matter than the volume for the first half of 1893. It has also fifty capital illustrations, among them being the portraits of such prominent new writers as Miss Barlow and Miss Harraden. Over eight hundred books are reviewed, and all the regular departments are ably maintained. This volume thus proves once more that the "Critic" has long been our leading literary weekly.

—The "Independent" reports that M. Paul Sabatier, author of "The Life of St. Francis of Assisi," has had an interesting experience with the Vatican authorities. The Index Congregation, consisting largely of cardinals, has placed his work on the list of prohibited books. It now appears, however, that the work had already obtained the blessing of Leo XIII., to whom a copy had been sent, and that the papal blessing had been conveyed to the author by Cardinal Rampolla, who doubtless was not aware of the fact that M. Sabatier is a Protestant pastor.

—When Karl Gutzkow brought out his novel, "Die Ritter vom Geist," he received an unstamped letter from a lady whose acquaintance he had recently made, which said that "as she was fortunate enough to enjoy the personal acquaintance of the celebrated author, she was naturally anxious to see his latest work; but, having tried in vain to obtain it from the different booksellers in her town, she requested the esteemed writer to *lend* her the novel for a short time, and send it to the inclosed address." Gutzkow saw the real truth of the situation at first glance, and replied:

Dear Madam: In the town where you reside there appears to be a lack of all sorts of things which are easily procurable elsewhere; not only my recent work in all the book-shops in which it is applied for, but also the postage-stamps for letters. I have in my possession, it is true, the book which you desire to obtain, as also the stamps to pay its carriage; but, to my regret, I am without the necessary string to make it into a parcel. If you can supply me with a piece, I am at your service. Yours very respectfully, K. G.

—Mr. W. D. Howells thus concludes his delightful account of his "First Visit to New England" and of his meetings with Thoreau, Hawthorne, and Emerson, in the current "Harper's Magazine," by drawing the following portrait of the last-named author:

I think it was Emerson himself who opened his door to me, for I have a vision of the fine old man standing tall on his threshold, with the card in his hand, and looking from it to me with a vague serenity, while I waited a moment on the doorstep below him. He would then have been about sixty, but I remember nothing of age in his aspect, though I have called him an old man. His hair, I am sure, was still entirely dark, and his face had a kind of marble youthfulness, chiseled to a delicate intelligence by the highest and noblest thinking that any man has done. There was a strange charm in Emerson's eyes, which I felt then and always, something like that I saw in Lincoln's, but shyer, but sweeter and less sad. His smile was the very sweetest I have ever beheld, and the contour of the mask and the line of the profile were in keeping with this incomparable sweetness of the mouth. . . . It was his great fortune to have been mostly misunderstood, and to have reached the dense intelligence of his fellowmen after a whole lifetime of perfectly simple and lucid appeal, and his countenance expressed the patience and forbearance of a wise man content to bide his time. It would be hard to persuade people now that Emerson once represented to the popular mind all that was most hopelessly impossible, and that in a certain sort he was a national joke, the type of the incomprehensible, the byword of the poor paragrapher. . . . But we are still so far behind him in the reach of his far-thinking that it need not be matter of wonder that twenty years before his death he was the most misunderstood man in America. . . . I do not know in just what sort he made me welcome, but I am aware of sitting with him in his study or library, and of his presently speaking of Hawthorne, whom I probably celebrated as I best could, and whom he praised.

[For list of Books Received see page 361]

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Hon. William Strong, President

Maj.-Gen. O. O. Howard, Vice-President

Rev. G. L. Shearer, D.D., Financial Secretary

The American Tract Society[1]

THE American Tract Society was organized in 1825. A centrally located site was purchased at Nassau and Spruce Streets, New York City, and a building erected for the manufacture of its books, pamphlets, and papers, and for the offices of its managers. Subsequently the structure was much enlarged. The changes of almost seventy years, however, with the extraordinary increase in demand for office room in the neighborhood of the City Hall, have marked property in that neighborhood as far too valuable to be used for manufacturing purposes. The nearest tall neighbors of the old structure are the Tribune building across Spruce Street, the Times building across Nassau Street, and the Morse building next door, the Pulitzer, Potter, Vanderbilt, and Bennett buildings, Temple Court, and then, across City Hall Park, the fine new structures of the Postal Telegraph and of the Home Life Insurance Companies. These have now fully demonstrated to the American Tract Society that its interests also would be best served by a like course in erecting on the original site a high building, perfectly adapted for offices, and the income from which would be commensurate with the outlay. An endowment will thus be yielded, which will be a guarantee to those who contribute while they live, or who bequeath trust-funds in their wills, that the Society has the desired permanence and power which come only through a solid establishment.

The Society's temporary depository and offices are at No. 10 East Twenty-third Street, a delightful location fronting Madison Square and the superb architecture exemplified in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's building and in the Madison Square Garden, that reminder of the Giralda at Seville. The Society has not yet decided whether its offices will be continued in this location or whether they will occupy part of the new structure down-town, which is to be twenty stories high, and is to be completed before May 1, 1895. It will thus overtop its neighbors, tall as many of them are, and will be a notable landmark. The architect is Mr. Robert H. Robertson, of New York City.

From the beginning nearly eight thousand distinct publications, excluding periodicals, have been issued by the American Tract Society. About one-quarter are volumes, the remainder consisting of booklets, wall-rolls, tracts, leaflets, handbills, and cards. In spite of the financial depression, the sales have fallen off only six per cent. during the past year. The Society publishes seven periodicals, five in English and two in German. Four are illustrated, and three not; four are for families and adults, and three are for children of various ages. Two are weekly and five monthly. "Der deutsche Volksfreund" is an illustrated weekly for adults and families, while "The American Messenger" and its German counterpart, "Der americanische Botschafter," are family monthlies. A new paper is called "Light and Life." The aggregate circulation of periodicals has been nearly three million.

The Society's gratuitous distribution of its tracts last year at Chicago will not be forgotten; for the World's Fair presented a unique field for the circulation of such polyglot literature. At the Society's exhibit in the Liberal Arts Building, along the Midway Plaisance, at the Parliament of Religions, and at the Congress of Missions, millions of pages were circulated. A similar though necessarily smaller work has been in progress during the first six months of the present year in connection with the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco.

One result of the hard times of last winter was that the unemployed and those in forced idleness had more time to read. The work of the Society has thus been much

The Old Building

increased, and special attention has therefore been paid to colportage endeavors as being especially adapted to the tenement and lodging-house populations of our larger cities. Here the sympathetic slum-worker always finds people ready to hear him, and to receive his tracts and papers. Nearly two hundred colporteurs are employed by the Tract Society, and labor in every State in the Union. Last year they found over twelve thousand families entirely destitute of religious books, and over eight thousand Protestant families without the Bible.

The subject of immigration is one of much moment in the Society's work. For instance, last year at New York over three hundred and fifty thousand immigrants arrived, Italy sending the greatest number, followed in order by Germany, Russia, Ireland, Sweden, Austria, Hungary, England, Norway, Denmark, and Poland. The largest number of those who could neither read nor write also came from Italy (44 per cent.), followed by Hungary,

[1] This article was preceded by one in the issue of August 18 describing the new Presbyterian building, and will be followed by articles on the Episcopal Missions Society and the Methodist Book Concern.

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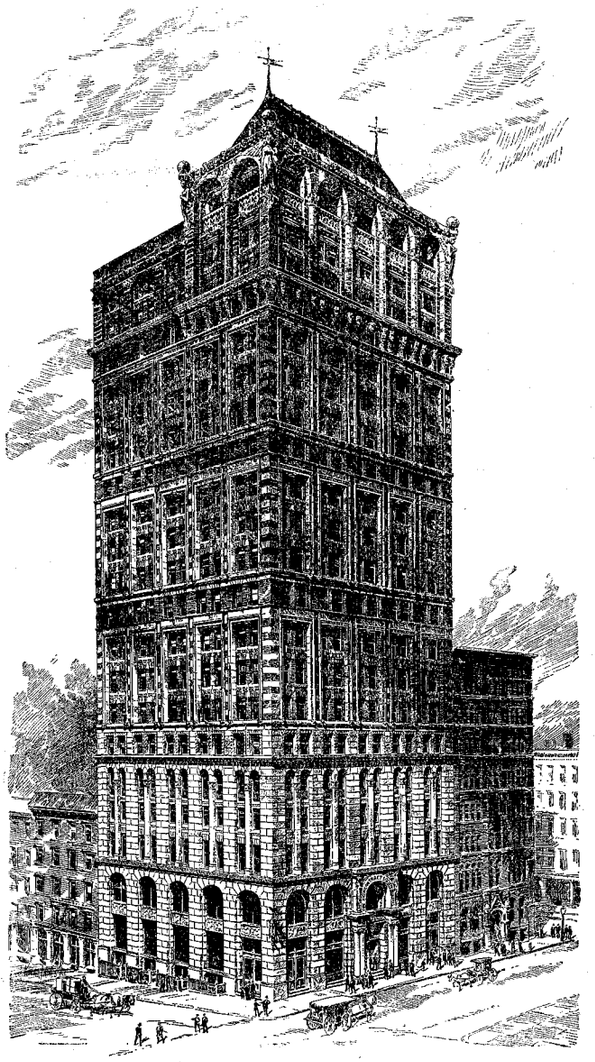
Russia, Austria, Poland, and Ireland, the total number of illiterate persons being over fifty-four thousand. All the immigrants pass through Ellis Island, at whose gateway the Tract Society keeps a missionary stationed. He says:

I thank God for the privilege of such a trustworthy position. I fully realize the importance of this work. There is no spot on this continent, possibly none in the wide world, which presents such a variety of customs and so many different languages as Ellis Island. Some days people of nearly every European country arrive; some of them pass quickly through to New York City and the adjacent places; a long conversation with them is almost excluded, so I give the printed Gospel in the many languages of the Tract Society. Others may have suffered accidents during their ocean trip which detained them a while in this place for refuge. Some, on account of contract labor, are sent back again. To the poorest of them, besides the tracts and second-hand clothing donated for them by friends accompanied with the missionary's kind words, good has been done. A blessed opportunity is given to the missionary to cheer up the suffering ones sent to the hospital at Ellis Island.



The New Building

As to the foreign field, the printing-press of the American Tract Society has increased by a thousandfold the influence of the foreign missionary, for by his preaching he reaches only a comparatively small number, and needs the press in order to reach the many. The Society's work is in the circulation of the fundamental truths of Christianity, and is therefore non-sectarian; indeed, the only kind of literature needed in the foreign field is that undenominational sort which the Tract Society puts forth. For many years the Society has also been the special ally of foreign missionaries, in printing, through their co-operation and on their mission presses, books, tracts, and periodicals in the language of the people. Added to cash appropriations for this work, the Society has made grants of its electrotypes for illustrating these publications. Perhaps the most important foreign outpost is that at Beirût, Syria, under the management of Dr. Samuel Jessup.

The Chino-Japanese war makes the work of the missionaries in eastern Asia doubly interesting. That this work is not unattended with danger may be gathered from the following missionary communication from China:

You, with the rest of the civilized world, will be shocked at the brutal murder of two more of our brethren at a place not far from us here at Kin Kiang. Two short years ago, Brother Wikholm, after the murder of Argent and Greene, said, "Who will be the next?" He little thought that his mangled and horribly mutilated remains would soon be with those of the other brethren, or that his fellow-worker, the Rev. A. D. Johannssen, would become a martyr with him. Before this land is brought to Christ many more will doubtless fall, but the Lord reigns, and the Church and her sons must stand true to the fight until the day of victory dawns upon us. There are many places where we can travel only at the gravest risk, and where it is impossible to remain for any length of time; but we are able, by such generous gifts as yours, to leave the printed tract as a standing witness for Christ and the truth. Last fall I traveled two thousand Chinese miles in boats and on foot, and sold some ten thousand tracts.

In Japan, following the liberal spirit shown in all things political and religious, more intolerant conditions have arisen, fomented by demagogic time-servers. A missionary writes that a reflex action has apparently set in, and that there is an intense anti-foreign spirit:

Sometimes foreigners have been insulted while passing through the streets of Tokio. To such an extent did this reach that the police of Tokio and Yokohama were instructed by the Government to protect foreign citizens. Very much of this is probably due to political movements now taking place, movements of decidedly anti-foreign tendency—such, for instance, as introducing a measure into the Diet which, if passed, would compel all to live within the limits of the settlement; in fact, the strictest enforcement of the treaties. It is during such a period as that through which Japan is now passing that the work of the societies becomes most needed and most effectual. It is when Christianity is not popular and the people are ashamed or afraid to attend the public services that the Gospel tract has its mission.

Rev. W. W. Rand, D.D.,
Publishing Secretary

Rev. W. A. Rice, D.D.,
Missionary Secretary

Rev. J. M. Stevenson, D.D.,
Secretary Emeritus

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The Seidl Society

Anton Seidl

Music is coming to be regarded more and more in this country as an educative force instead of merely as an art. If it is an educative force—and we believe it to be—such work as that which is being done by the Seidl Society of Brooklyn deserves recording among the real philanthropies of the day. The Seidl Society is an organization of women, founded five years ago for the purpose of encouraging the attendance of women and children at the Seidl Concerts then being given at Brighton Beach, Coney Island. These women have gone on steadily and modestly until they are now furnishing the people of New York and Brooklyn, as well as many others who come from long distances to attend the Seidl Concerts, music of the very highest character at the lowest possible price. During this summer concerts have been given twice daily, afternoon and evening, in the pavilion by Mr. Seidl and his famous orchestra, the uniform price of admission being twenty-five cents. Nowhere in the world, probably, is orchestra music of so high a grade given so constantly at so small a cost to the public. Anton Seidl is one of the most famous orchestra leaders, and is perhaps the very best conductor of Wagner's music-dramas now living. If the Seidl Society is encouraged to go on with its work in future seasons, we see no reason why music-lovers all over the country may not make a summer pilgrimage to New York for the purpose of enjoying these concerts. The programmes are most judiciously planned, and represent in the widest possible way all schools of music, from a Bach prelude or a Schumann symphony to a Strauss waltz. The music-hall stands on the seashore, and is a delightfully cool place on a hot evening. The concerts are managed entirely by women, and the audiences and the surroundings show the result of their refining influence. The whole spirit of the concerts is well illustrated by the neat placards which are exhibited everywhere in the hall, making the following request: "Talking during the performance is a breach of politeness not common to Seidl audiences. Real lovers of fine music are considerate of their neighbors, and always thoughtful of the courtesy due the conductor and the orchestra." Full information about the programmes and purposes of the Society may be had by addressing it at Brighton Beach, Coney Island. The efforts of the ladies who compose the Society deserve the backing and sympathetic interest of all music lovers, whether they happen to be citizens of New York and Brooklyn or of more distant places.

Correspondence

Ozone and Oxygen

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It is two weeks and two days since The Outlook published an article of mine on Ozone and Oxygen. I did not allude to the new gas, because I had not then heard of it.

What I asked for was the help of some of your readers in taking out from crowded attics in Boston some people whom, in brief, I described. In answer to my letter we have received from your readers one hundred and forty dollars. This is so much more than we ventured to ask for that we have been able to lengthen almost all the holidays of our friends.

In particular, the brass-worker, who interested specially several of your readers, has been able to go into the country with his wife; and all the seven children also went to one place or another in the country. This was so arranged that the mother might have as little care as the mother of a two-months-old baby can have.

We have acknowledged by letter all the several gifts, excepting those from W. B. B., Anonymous (at your office), F. H. W., and H., of Buffalo. Let me thank all the contributors in my own name, in that of the Ten Times One Club, and for the oxygenated beneficiaries.

EDWARD E. HALE.

U vs. V

To the Editors of The Outlook (New Series Christian Vnion):

In The Ovtlook for Avgvſt 18, page 273, allvſion if made to "the lateſt idioſyncraſy of the ever-reſtleſſ German Emperor to reform the ſpelling of the family namef of hif ſubjectſ." In thif conjunction ſvffer me to congratvlate yov on yovr introdvction of the novel featvre of viing v'ſ for u'ſ in the edvcational nvmber of The Ovtlook.

Af Mr. Lowell ſaid, "It doeſ pvt a new ſuit of clotheſ onto a word to take it ovt of the priſon dreſſ it wearſ in the dictionary." And to vſe ſvch a ſtyle in an edvcational nvmber of The Ovtlook ſhowſ a defire to encovrage the yovng to a quick adoption of a jvſt conſtrvction. It wovld tend to fvrther the cavſe of the revival of the old ſtyleſ of edvcation if yov ſhovld inſtrvct yovr compoſitorſ to vſe the old long ſ and to vſe two v'ſ for w.

Very reſpectfvlly,

Elihv V. Bvrnſ.

I sign that name not necessarily in good faith, but for publication.

I am not an artist, but a mere filologist.

When we *do* instruct our compositors to use the old long ſ, we shall also instruct them to use it in the *correct old-time* manner, which would not allow one to write "dreſs" or "wears" as above. As to the title-page of the Educational Number, which, we presume, has excited this amusing criticism, we will promise solemnly to henceforward require our artist to make his u's so plain that even a "filologist" can recognize them.—THE EDITORS.

A New Degree

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Do we need a new doctorate? When a man is plumb full of divinity, there is nothing more appropriate than D.D. When he is reeking with philosophy, let him by all means have Ph.D. But ought we not to go on in these proprieties? I plead for another class of degreeless worthies whose merit demands recognition. This is an age of "intense humaneness." The importance of fellowship with man is being realized by the Church and the world as never before. Theology, anthropology, and soteriology have been naturally followed by sociology—indeed, have potentially enfolded it. As a result of this course of things, the age of practical philanthropy is upon us. Many are distinguishing themselves in this line of service. As never before such service is honored. The times demand a new doctorate. I am uncertain what bodies would properly confer it. Congregational Clubs might do it, or the Sociological Institutes, or mass-meetings of Christian people. In this way many poor toilers who are not much in divinity, but are eminently conspicuous in humanity, would not longer have to endure the sense of emptiness arising from a name without a degree.

The Professorship of Humanity exists in a Scotch university. Will you, Mr. Editors, allow one who is eminent in neither divinity nor humanity, but who aspires after the latter eminence, to propose for the class of unfortunates referred to, H.D.—Doctor of Humanity?

E. L. M.

Slavery to Corporations

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I feel uncertain in regard to your recent utterances in regard to the labor question. Your comments during the dock strike in England were all clear and definite as well as just and unbiased. Your recent articles show a clear bias, to my mind, in favor of corporations because they are granted privileges by law, and you do not clearly define their relations to workmen. You assume them to be employers as individuals are employers, when the corporations act through and by agents employed and paid same as other labor is paid.

Previous to the late war much was said and written about the slave coming in contact only with the hired overseer. Labor is in one sense in the same position toward the hired manager as the slave was toward the hired overseer. The slave could not appeal to the better and more intelligent nature of his master, as there was no channel to act through, and the master must not encourage insubordination; so the slave suffered as labor does now. There are many similarities between labor and corporations that parallel those of slave and master or owner. The communication is through the overseer, and is effected by the product, managed by the overseer. Law said slavery was legal, therefore just. John Brown did not think it just if it was legal, so paid the penalty for violating law. I read the law then and believed in the law, even read the Bible defense of slavery, and went into the war believing I was in the right. The result proved to me that law was neither right nor just; so it was completely overthrown so far as slavery was concerned.

Your article on the solidarity of labor says to me that the slaves on one plantation may unite in protest against the condition that oppresses them, but must not unite with the slaves on another plantation, for the reasons you give against the solidarity of labor; which renders union in labor as against corporations as helpless as individuals would be without union; and if trade-unions may not act together they simply have no effective power whatever to help themselves. Wages are reduced to enable corporations to pay interest on fictitious values, which I feel assured you will say is unjust. The way to remedy is what labor is seeking. You offer moral suasion and education while labor is suffering. Just as we tried to convince the slave-owner against his interest to see that slavery was wrong, so it will be hard to convince the capitalist that labor is entitled to a larger share than it has received. Labor has the power to relieve itself by violence, and unless it is soon relieved otherwise, violence will come. Wendell Phillips went through Pennsylvania in 1866, and from what he saw he predicted that there would be riot and bloodshed there within twenty years; it came in 1877 at Pittsburg. At that time in this city, with a mob of five thousand, I acted the part of Felix Holt to the effect of preventing destruction of property, limiting it to less than one hundred dollars where it promised to be millions. Within twenty-four hours after, I witnessed with my own eyes the corporation most involved setting fire to its own property to invoke the law. I am sorry I do not feel myself so strong for the same conduct on my part as I felt then. Poverty is not a virtue, nor does wealth imply intelligence or justice.

Stephen A. Douglas said, after securing the first subsidy from the Government for a railroad, that it was only a matter of time when the corporations would suppress the Government if the Government did not take active and stringent measures to keep them under control. They have already prevented legislation by the National Government, and have shown their ability to control the courts in numerous instances. If labor concludes that the law is not justly administered, they are likely to appeal to their only quick and effective remedy to prevent suffering and starvation—to wit, brute force, which I trust will never be necessary.

I believe that when labor is solidified, which is likely

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to be in a very short time, it will be strong enough to police and guard from depredation of all kinds the property of the citizens and corporations. As unions laborers are law-abiding and orderly, and they will prove their ability and intelligence to deal justly with all questions affecting the public welfare. You say Wat Tyler gained his object in seven years, four hundred years ago. We move faster now.

C. W. R.

Louisville, Ky.

Notes and Queries

Kindly inform me if the inclosed statements which I cut from a paper are correct. The two last paragraphs particularly raise doubts in my mind which I would like to have settled:

THE GROWTH OF CHRISTIANITY

If we sum up the encouragements to hope, founded on the success of Christian work, the figures are as follows:

Three centuries after Christ there were 5,000,000 Christians.

Eight centuries after Christ there were 30,000,000 Christians.

Ten centuries after Christ there were 50,000,000 Christians.

Fifteen centuries after Christ there were 100,000,000 Christians.

Eighteen centuries after Christ there were 174,000,000 Christians.

Now there are 450,000,000 Christians.

The followers of the three religions, Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, all combined, are less in number than the Christians alone.

Including the latest division of Africa among the European powers, about four-fifths of the land of the world is under Christian control.—*United States Army Chaplain.*

Four-fifths of the world may be under the control of nominally Christian States, but it is fictitious to reckon as Christians the entire population of those States. Even so, an estimate of 450,000,000 Christians is far too high. The other estimates are less doubtful, but unreliable.

It was my impression that the early writers—Tacitus, Pliny, Juvenal, Suetonius, etc.—while they referred to the sect known as Christians, made no reference to the personality of Christ. A work now before me claims that these writers all speak of him and refer to his death under the order of the procurator Pontius Pilate. Kindly inform me if the above statement can be verified, and, concisely, what the early writers do say of Christ.

H. M. S.

See the first part of the article "Jesus" in the Encyclopædia Britannica, ninth edition, for a concise statement of the facts. Pliny and Suetonius merely mention the name Christ, if Suetonius does even that in referring to "Chrestus" as the cause of a disturbance raised by Jews. Tacitus says only that he was the originator of an odious superstition, who was put to death under Tiberius. Juvenal alludes to Nero's cruelty toward the Christians. All the heathen notices are of the scantiest.

1. Where can I find the actual Palestine roads, in Old Testament and in New Testament times, mapped out and described? I do not, of course, mean the guesswork maps in many Bibles, but something based on discoveries and itineraries. C. & H.'s St. Paul is of some aid. 2. Am I right in supposing Edersheim is a converted Jew? What is the standing of his exhaustive "Life of Christ"?

P. J. H.

1. For the fullest exhibition of present information on this subject, see the publications of the Palestine Exploration Fund (A. P. Watt & Co., Paternoster Row, London). These are somewhat expensive. Robinson's "Biblical Researches" and Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine" are very helpful. The maps in the Cambridge "Companion to the Bible" (1893), in one volume with the Revised Version, are worth your notice, though not giving all you want. 2. You are correct. It is a work of the highest merit.

In the Oxford Bible, among the notes on Jewish sects, parties, etc., the following sentences occur: "The assembly (the Sanhedrin) sat in the form of a semicircle, the president occupying the center of the arc, the prisoner that of the center of the chord, while the two heralds called *boanerges* (power of the voice being an essential qualification) sat a little in advance of the president, on his right hand and on his left." Has this technical term *boanerges* any connection with the surname bestowed upon St. James and St. John? M. A. D.

It may have. The epithet may have been given to them in allusion to these functionaries, as if suggested by the resemblance in point of vocal qualifications.

I have seen the statement made by a Unitarian that Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, and Bryant were all of that "household of faith." How far is this correct? Were they actually members of Unitarian churches, or did the gentleman who made the statement merely conclude from their writings that they accepted Unitarian beliefs? M.

It is strictly correct. They were all immediately connected with Unitarian churches.

Can you suggest the name of a book on the higher criticism of the Bible that is good for a clergyman whose mind is open to new ideas, but whose life as a busy man in a country parish has prevented him from learning the modern thought? The gentleman belongs to the Episcopal Church, and it would give me pleasure to lay any such volume before him.

A. G. D.

For such a person, and as a beginning in the line mentioned, we would suggest "Who Wrote the Bible?" by Dr. Gladden.

Can you tell me the author of the Latin poem beginning:

"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?"

Also, where can I find a complete English translation? It is an address to the soul, and was, I believe, written by one of the Roman Emperors, a philosophic pagan. E. T. R.

The verses (which seem to have been brought anew into the public mind by their use in Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby") were written by Ælius Spartianus, and had reference to the death of Hadrian. In full they are:

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis;
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos!

They have been thus rendered by Lord Byron:

THE DYING EMPEROR TO HIS SOUL

Ah! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humor gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

W. W. B.—The poem from which is quoted the stanza—

"The queen of the spring,
As she passed down the vale," etc.,

may be found in "The American First Class Book," compiled by John Pierpont, page 37, Lesson XII. It is entitled "The Rainbow," and is taken from "Baldwin's London Magazine." Can any one give the author of a child's morning and evening prayer which appeared more than sixty years since in "The Young Reader"?

"Father, I thank thee that the night
In sleep and rest hath passed away,
And that I see, in thy fair light,
My Father smiles, who makes it day.

"Be thou my Guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die."

M. M. G.

Some weeks ago a correspondent asked for information *re* Professor Crouch, author of "Kathleen Mavourneen." The inclosed clipping is taken from a newspaper dated July 30: "Next Tuesday Professor Frederick William Nichols Crouch, of No. 111 Penn Street, the author of 'Kathleen Mavourneen' and other sweet songs, and an ex-Confederate soldier, will celebrate the eighty-seventh anniversary of his birth. The Professor will make merry over the event with his old friends and former musical students in Portland, Me., where he now is, and where he will remain during the next two or three weeks recuperating and seeking better health. He has been in rather poor health the past year, and has lost the sight of his left eye. In spite of his years, Professor Crouch made the long journey to Maine alone." W. K.

I am desirous of finding a piece of poetry, of which, however, I remember but two lines. The piece describes a man traveling with an angel and visiting different homes. At the house of a poor man the angel steals certain articles and leaves them at the house of a rich man. On leaving a certain home the angel strangles a child lying in its cradle. Afterwards the angel explains the reasons of his acts, and in referring to the killing of the child says:

"To such extent had his fond dotage run,
That God, to save the father, took the son."

W. H. R.

Can any one tell me the author of the following quotation:

"Poor vaunt of life indeed
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast.
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men.
Irks care the crop-full bird;
Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast"?

A. L. P.

I am hoping to write a life of the Rev. C. T. Torrey, who died in Maryland State Prison on the 9th of May, 1846. Between his conviction and his sentence (twelve days) he wrote a little book, "Home; or, The Pilgrim's Faith Revived." He was in prison because he had helped fugitive slaves toward Canada. If you can put me in the way of getting a copy of that book, I will be very thankful and pay reasonable expenses, though my work in the whole matter will doubtless be very greatly a "labor of love."

AARON PORTER.

19 Brown Street, Salem, Mass.

Can some one tell me the author of the following quotations: 1. "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought." 2. "All our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death"?

F. A.

Books Received

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Bangs, John Kendrick. The Water Ghost and Others. $1.25.

Spofford, Harriet Prescott. A Scarlet Poppy and Other Stories. $1.25.

Doyle, A. Conan. Micah Clarke. $1.75.

Janvier, Thomas A. In Old New York. $1.75.

Munroe, Kirk. The Fur-Seal's Tooth. $1.25.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Hunt, E., LL.D. Geometry for Grammar Schools.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., NEW YORK

Warden, Florence. A Perfect Fool. 50 cts.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., CHICAGO

Carwardine, Rev. William H. The Pullman Strike.

LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON

Tomlinson, Everett T. War of 1812 Series. The Search for Andrew Field. $1.50.

W. H. LITTLEJOHN, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Littlejohn, Elder Walcott H. Life Only in Christ.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Doyle, A. Conan. Micah Clarke. 50 cts.

JAMES B. LYON, STATE PRINTER, ALBANY, N. Y.

Annual Report of the State Board of Charities for the Year 1893.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Ouida. The Silver Christ. $1.25.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Theal, George M. The Story of the Nations: The Story of South Africa. $1.50.

Hubbard, Elbert. No Enemy (but Himself). $1.50.

Jókai, Maurus. Eyes Like the Sea. Translated from the Hungarian by R. Nisbet Bain. $1.

Jacobi, Mary Putnam. Found and Lost. 50 cts.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, BOSTON

Fenn, W. W. Lessons on the Acts of the Apostles.

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See Forum *of July, page 30.*

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During the month of OCTOBER, PROFESSOR W. M. RAMSAY, A.M., D.C.L., of the UNIVERSITY of ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND, will lecture in the MORGAN LECTURE COURSE.
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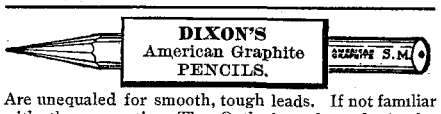

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WANTED—A partner in a small country boarding-school of ten years' standing. She should be a successful teacher of young children and have good business capacity. Address No. **4,186**, care The Outlook.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Handsome set of pulpit furniture, black walnut, used only a few months. Will be sold on account of change in platform. Address A. S. THOMAS, Meriden, Conn.

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A GRADUATE OF SMITH COLLEGE desires position as housekeeper in private family or public institution. Address L. C. M., 186 South St., Northampton, Mass.

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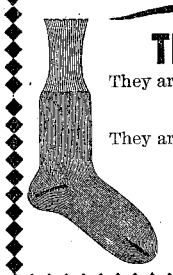

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A Family Paper

New Series of The Christian Union

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Clinton Hall, Astor Place,
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About People

—The new President of Wells College, Dr. William Waters, is a Yale man of the class of '78, who five years after graduation was recalled to his Alma Mater as tutor. In 1890 he was elected the chair of Greek at the University of Cincinnati, which he now resigns to go to Wells.

—According to the "Allegan Journal," the committee which drafted the first Republican platform at the time of the organization of the party in Jackson, Mich., July 6, 1854, was made up of sixteen men. Now that ex-Governor Blair is dead, it is said that Mr. Albert Williams, of Ionia, Mich., is the only survivor.

—The cause of education in Nebraska is the gainer now that Chancellor Canfield has decided to remain with the University of the State. He has declined the presidency of the Ohio State University, a tempting offer, says the Chancellor, but adds that he is devoted to the work of Western education and cannot abandon it.

—Leo XIII. is a great friend of birds. He keeps a number of them in the alcoves of his reception-room, and says: "These birds are my diplomats. Whenever I receive any one here, he can only make a report as to my amiability, and can seldom understand my words, because the chatter of these songsters drowns all that I say. The visitor cannot tell what I say, and often cannot tell whether I have even spoken."

—The death of an old Boston Latin School boy, John Quincy Adams, adds another to the list of illustrious graduates from the School who have now passed from earth. In that list are the names of John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Robert Treat Paine, Edward Everett, John Lothrop Motley, Charles Sumner, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Ward Beecher, James Freeman Clarke, Phillips Brooks, Francis Parkman, Charles William Eliot, and Edward Everett Hale.

—Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, whose name has long been associated with a certain costume, is now seventy-six years old, and lives at Council Bluffs. In 1851 she was residing at Seneca Falls, N. Y., and was publishing a total-abstinence paper called the "Lily." In addition to being a prohibition sheet, the paper was radical on the question of woman suffrage. Mrs. Bloomer went a step further, however, in her radicalism when she began lecturing on total abstinence and woman suffrage in a bifurcated dress.

—The German Emperor says that rowing is the best form of physical exercise. Sir Arthur Sullivan evidently agrees with this, for he rows every afternoon from five to seven. Sir Arthur rises before seven in the morning and works almost continually during the day and often in the evening. He composes rapidly, except when Mr. W. S. Gilbert gives him a verse. The composer says that "it rhymes but isn't lyrical." Sir Arthur is now engaged upon the incidental music intended for Mr. Henry Irving's forthcoming presentation of "King Arthur" at the Lyceum Theater, London.

—The Cleveland "Leader" says: "Mrs. S. Louise Patteson enjoys the distinction of being the first woman in this county, and perhaps in Ohio, to apply for admission to citizenship. Judge Hutchins was greatly surprised Tuesday morning when Mrs. Patteson walked into his court-room and announced her determination to become naturalized. He at first took it as a joke, but the petitioner soon convinced him that she was thoroughly in earnest. So the Judge admitted her to full citizenship, restricted only by the laws which prevent women voting except on school questions. She was not required to take out "first" papers, as she came to this country before she was fourteen years of age. Mrs. Patteson is a native of Switzerland. She was born in Weyach on the Rhine, February 14, 1853, and came to America when a young girl, soon after the death of her mother."

The Daisy Fields Piano Fund

Previously acknowledged	$107 50
S. J. S., Albany, N. Y.	2 00
Santa Barbara, Cal.	5 00
C. E. B., Quogue, L. I.	25 00
K. F. T., Jamestown, N. D.	5 00
C. A. G., Seattle, Wash.	1 00
G. W. R., Mansfield, O.	1 00
J. O. Y., Washingtonville, N. Y.	1 00
L. B. T., Highlands, N. C.	1 00
A Lover of Children, Asbury Park, N. J.	2 00
M. B. D., Twilight Park	2 00
J. and H., Medora	1 00
Sacket's Harbor Party	7 00
Total	$160 50

For general fund, not acknowledged last week, S. L., $5; D. R., $5.

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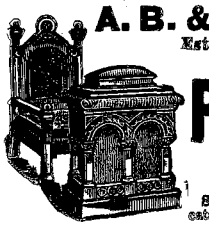

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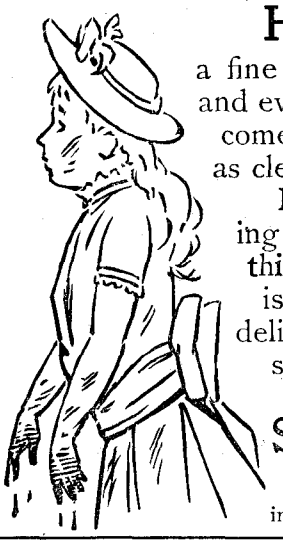

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Pearline for bathing; Pearline for washing clothes; Pearline for washing everything that you'd put water to. Pearline is safe for the most delicate skin or most delicate fabric. Not only safe, but it makes a saving. There's no wearing rub, rub, rub, or tiresome scrub, scrub, scrub.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 435

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The Business World

Whisky and the Stock Market

The spurt given to business by the completed tariff legislation in Congress continued with much misspent as well as legitimate force during the whole of last week. The stocks of the American Sugar-Refining and of the Distilling and Cattle-Feeding Companies were excitedly moved up and down, on the one hand by the shelving for this session of the free sugar bill, and on the gain to the distillers of each day's delay in the last act of the tariff melodrama; on the other, by the uncertainty as to the President's course. This latter factor was still strong enough to be used by operators in starting rumors to their own advantage. The transactions in whisky made up about a fourth of the week's business, and, after extending up and down over a range of six points, the stock closed within a fraction of its quotation at the end of the previous week. The whole market represented little investment, but much manipulation by speculators, who were finally emboldened to play with the very best securities. This they did with such success as to induce much sentimental buying. Take the shares of the Lake Shore road, for instance, which were forced up to 139, in the face of a decline in gross earnings for the half-year of over two million dollars, and the prospect of another bad half-year in consequence of the disasters to wheat and corn. Dolorous tidings still come to hand of ruined crops in the West. The price of wheat has risen slightly during the week, but the advance was warranted under any conditions. In spite of glowing news as to the cotton crop, the price has actually fluctuated only a sixteenth of a cent. That barometer of trade, the iron industry, shows little, if any, improvement, one-third of the mills being still idle. Over-production of print-cloths in southeastern Massachusetts has resulted in a wage-reduction, and this in a strike and shut-down at New Bedford and Fall River affecting thirty-five thousand men. Looking at the brighter side of the picture, however, there has been a real increase both in railway tonnage and in the volume of bank exchanges, this last expansion being most significant in New York and at the whisky markets.

Whisky and the Money Market

As in the stock market, so in the money market, "whisky" has been the greatest factor, the distillers seeking cash with which to pay the present tax before the new law with its $1.10 rate should take effect. Though the Treasury thus gained nearly five million dollars in its general balance last week, it has been losing four millions on the eighteen millions already paid for whisky at ninety cents a gallon. It therefore makes the Trust a present of a sum which would otherwise have come in later from that organization. As this is written, there comes the remarkable news that the distillers have failed in negotiating a loan in New York. The lenders stated that they would not furnish the funds unless the Directors of the Distilling and Cattle-Feeding Company individually indorsed the note. This the latter actually declined to do—a peculiar circumstance, inasmuch as it is understood that the collateral offered was spirits in bond. The deduction has been made by some that the Company did not have the necessary unencumbered capital; by others, that a secret loan has been made, but the above intelligence not denied in order to depress the stock to a point sufficiently low to allow a repetition of last week's gyrations, by which ill-gotten fortunes were assured to many manipulators. The New York City bank exhibit reflects withdrawals for "whisky" payments. Loans expanded to nearly two and a half millions. The loss in cash resources, however, did not amount to a million. The reserve held exceeding legal requirements has fallen to less than $67,000,000. Call money remains at one per cent. There is little inquiry for short dates in time loans below four months, for which the quotation is 3 per cent. No gold went out to Europe last week. The price of silver has risen to 67 cents here, the demand having become greater in consequence of the Chino-Japanese war.

Railway Losses for the Half-Year

The general financial depression following last year's panic, the tariff uncertainty, the floods, the low price of wheat, and the decline in the grain movement, the unsatisfactory condition of Treasury affairs, the strikes of the bituminous coal miners, of the Great Northern workmen, and of the American Railway Union, were all factors in making the showing of railway gross and net earnings for the first half of the calendar year a sad and unparalleled one. In short, the loss in gross has been nearly sixty-nine million dollars (about one-sixth), and in net nearly twenty-four millions (about one-fifth). The "Commercial and Financial Chronicle" indicates the roads which have suffered the greatest losses in net earnings. They are the Pennsylvania (over three and a half millions), followed by the Union Pacific, Atchison, Erie, Southern Pacific, Illinois Central, New Jersey Central, Baltimore and Ohio, Canadian Pacific, Denver and Rio Grande, and New York Central.

Poor's Manual

In view of the difficulty of obtaining trustworthy information as to the condition and operation of "industrial" stocks, it is a satisfaction that a standard publication like "Poor's Manual" in its last number makes all available data readily accessible. This service to a long-suffering public of investors may be a factor in forcing the managers of "industrials" to abandon their policy of concealment and secrecy, and to supply their shareholders with the information due them. "Poor's Manual," however, is, as is well known, an annual compilation of railway knowledge. Its statistics in the volume just issued are interesting. The increase in net earnings for the fiscal year completed July 1 is less than six million dollars—a significantly small sum, for which, of course, the business depression is responsible. The capital stock of the roads in the United States and Canada now aggregates over five billions, while their bonded debt is at five and a half billions. The unfunded debt is now over four hundred millions, having been increased by over a third during the year. Interest payments, however, show but a slight increase.

The Lemon Market

Following Florida's inroads into the Italian orange trade and into the Cuban pineapple trade, it is interesting to know that our southernmost State is also about to turn the lemon market upside down. Florida's crop is estimated at four times that of last year, or equal to the import from Italy and Sicily. Meanwhile the stock in market is quite sufficient to meet all demands, and, with that to arrive from abroad, will compel the Florida growers to leave their fruit unpicked until much later than usual. In about a fortnight, however, the Florida crop will commence to come North, and will alone amply supply the market until the next crop from Italy arrives, about November 1. Between the close of one Italian season and the opening of another, 150,000 boxes have generally been received from Malaga, Spain. The growers and merchants there had been jubilant over the reduction of the tariff from twenty-five to twenty cents a box, but are now correspondingly unhappy about the great Florida crop, which will exclude their lemons, which are, anyway, of an inferior quality to our own.

Coastal Canals

It has long been an accepted fact that for a coastal canal nowhere are there at once such fine physical possibilities and such great commercial needs as along the Atlantic shore. The ease and desirability of building a coastal canal from Cape Hatteras to the Florida keys have been repeatedly demonstrated and urged. As to the conditions north of Hatteras, the last report shows that between that point and Cape Cod nearly 30 per cent. of the maritime property risked was lost. The Cape Cod canal will reduce the sea distance between Boston and New York from 400 to 250 miles. Because the Jersey coast possesses no harbors and because the distance would be much shortened—from 275 to 90 miles—there should be an interior waterway between New York and Philadelphia. If the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal be enlarged, the distance between Philadelphia and Baltimore would be reduced from 430 to 112 miles. The total saving in mileage would thus be 60 per cent.—a sufficient proof of the necessity of such a great undertaking.

Seven Months' Exports and Imports

The Chief of the Bureau of Statistics reports that for the first seven months of the present year our exports were $457,000,000—about the same as for the corresponding period last year, and exceeding the imports by $55,000,000. The excess of gold exports over imports for the seven months was $72,000,000, and of silver, $20,000,000.

Lead

In 1893 the United States furnished nearly 27 per cent. of the world's lead production—the largest proportion of any country save Spain, which contributed 28½ per cent. Germany produces about half as much as we do, and is followed by Australia, Mexico, England, Italy, Greece, Austria, Hungary, and France. Our 1893 production was 2 per cent. more than for 1892, but 60 per cent. more than for 1882.

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A Russian on Russian Prisons

The publication in Russia of the report of Dr. Suschtchinski, a well-known physician, showing the lamentable condition of the famous—or infamous—prison of Tinmen, is a triumph for the friends of truth and progress in that country. Although it has been generally known outside of Russia that its penitentiaries lacked almost everything which humanity had devised for the alleviation of the sufferings of prisoners, Russians themselves, save the unhappy wretches confined within prison walls, have been kept in ignorance of the true state of affairs. Heretofore books, magazines, and papers emanating from this and other countries, with the slightest derogatory reference to Russia and Russian institutions, have been seized and confiscated by the censor. A great and praiseworthy change has come upon Russia when permission is granted to spread broadcast a report such as that of Dr. Suschtchinski.

Over twenty thousand men and women are confined annually in the prison of Tinmen, on their way to Siberia. Although the building has accommodations for only a few hundred persons, in May, 1892, 2,430 men and women were crowded into the small and narrow quarters, and in the hot days of the following August there were still 969 in the prison! In consequence of the overcrowding there was no room for the miserable creatures to lie down, and they were obliged to stand up throughout the night, packed so closely together that they could scarcely breathe. In the daytime they were allowed to move about in the prison yard, or, the doctor says, "they would have been smothered." The hospital, the physician admits, was one only in name. For days at a time it was without water, and the physicians were unable to attend to the sick. The death-rate under these deplorable conditions was, naturally, frightful. Cholera and other diseases carried off the prisoners by hundreds. Though 89,000 rubles were added to the prison treasury in the last ten years, practically nothing was expended to improve the condition of the veritable death-house. Similar statements in the graphic descriptions of George Kennan were once strenuously denied by Russians, but when a Russian physician is allowed to make the charges there is reason to hope that the day is not far distant when tales of inhuman treatment of prisoners will be as rare in the land of the Czar as in other civilized countries.

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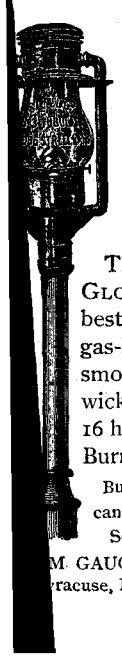

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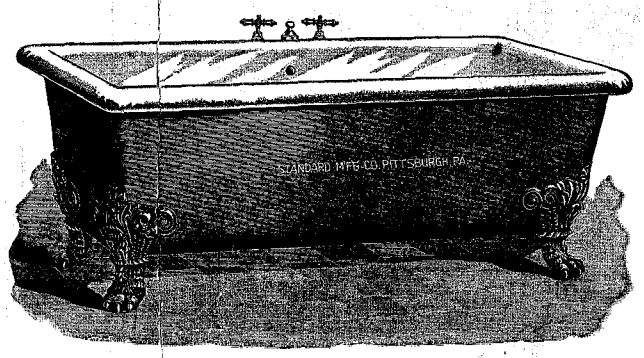

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